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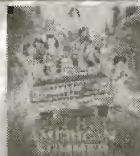
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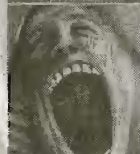
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*About the photographer of
this month's cover...*

Dan Gorder has been snapping the shutter for SLUG Magazine for nearly five years. A self-taught photojournalist, Dan's images have been published in The SL Tribune, Enquirer, SG Magazine, Globe, City Weekly and of course, SLUG.

During the 2002 Olympics, Dan worked for the Reuters News Agency as a Journalist's Assistant. Dan's talent continued to be showcased at the SUNDANCE Film Festival where he served as a Photo Editor for WireImage in both 2004 and 2005.

Dan's past clients include: TEVA, Museum of Utah Art & History, Spy Hop Productions, Carson Dellosa Publishing Co. and CBS.

Dan is currently available for hire as a freelance photographer.

dan@slugmag.com. ☎

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Contributor Limelight



SLUG's favorite party girl, Mariah Mann-Mellus, is the delightful, ever-effervescent, resourceful personality and motivating force behind almost every one of SLUG's world-changing skateboarding and snowboarding events. Mariah recently played a major part in organizing SLUG's

smash-hit burlesque float in the Gay Pride parade last month. Mariah writes SLUG's Gallery Stroll column and is the refined, highbrow art/culture connection for many of us cavemen/heathen SLUG staffers. Mariah also a SLUG account executive and is the Mag's travel hook-up connection as well (her full-time job is a travel agent.) Damn, will Mariah ever stop? Not in the near future, because she has more energy than a spontaneously combusting Duracell. Watch for Mariah with cocktail in hand at any upcoming SLUG event near you. ☎

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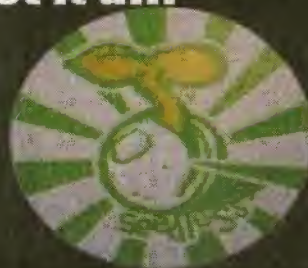
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deardickheads@slugmag.com

Dear Dickheads,
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Ernesto

Dear Ernesto,
Fuck you! You deserved the smoke damage, and your stupid cat ate Rodney's hamster, remember? The one his grandfather gave him right before he died, you unfeeling dickwad! Go eat shit!

Dear Dickheads,
My name is Annie Sue and I have herd out that my son Rodney use ta work fer you. If you see hem tell hem that I forgiv hem for all the horrible thangs he has dunn and just want my litle Rodney back and tell hem that we can sort out the police business later. Plees help me SLUG yer my last hope. Thank you.

Annie Sue

Dear Annie Sue,
Wow. You have the balls to write SLUG and pretend to express concern for your son to cover up for the fact that you've been a wretched excuse for a mother for the last 25 years. Do you think you're going to get the Kickass Mother Award for this letter after making Rodney pick up hairballs with his tongue to punish him for getting a cat? Do you think SLUG is going to pat you on the back after you left Rodney chained in the outhouse naked for two days because you didn't want your then-current boyfriend to know you had a child? And you fed him only Twinkies, you bitch! No wonder he burned your house to the ground and crucified your dog! Fuck you, you white trash, lying cunt! If you want to find fake justification all the shitty things you did to your own flesh and blood, SLUG is the last place you want to go! Pay a fucking therapist to lie to you!

Dear Dickheads,
Why are you not wrapping together the privacy holiday for my leetle nephew! He has been waiting right here for at least a goddammed fortnight now. How could you be so irresponsible as to let my poor leetle nephew wait for his holiday. Goddamm you to satan's fires and may the Lord have mercy on your souls in satan's fires. They will be bright and my holiday will come soon.

Mason Winadarsky
(Address of the prison)

Mason,
Um ... I have no idea what the fuck you're talking about. The only good part of your letter was the reference to Satan's fires, but I doubt you even have the capability to see the coolness factor in that. Have fun burning your \$1 Smith's Catholic candles with pixilated photos of the Virgin Mary pasted on the front with cheap glue and praying over your plastic rosary beads to try to make up for shooting your friend in the face after he tried to short you \$5 on a drug deal. If heaven is filled with people like you, I'll take Satan's fires. Go die.



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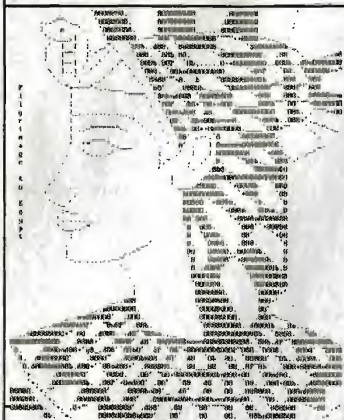
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LOCALIZED

By Camilla Taylor



Localized is a monthly showcase of local bands at the *Urban Lounge* on the second Friday of each month. This month's opening band is **The Breaks**.



The Horns

Charles Jensen: 2 keyboards, 1 finger
David Burl Styer III: Flyte, 1 finger too
Scott Selfridge: Guitar and vocals
Jeremy Smith: Drums

When I went to meet with The Horns at the *Urban Lounge*, we scooted into one of those new booths in the corner.

"I prepped an interview. I wrote an interview that I was going to give to you and have you just print that. But I lost it," Scott tells me. The other band members describe this interview, which I will never see, as a scroll with burnt edges and sealed with red wax. In addition to The Horns, Scott is also in *Red Bennies* and *Coyote Hoods*. "Jeremy is in *The Wolfs*, *Fifi Murrur*, *Zebra*, *Vile Blue Shades* and probably five other bands. He's a whore," says Scott.

I ask what I will see when they take the stage.

"In reality, what will you be seeing?" says Scott. "That's what makes this band different from most bands; it doesn't follow your stereotypical practice schedules. My goal was to make a band that wasn't like *Red Bennies* or *Coyote Hoods*," Scott answers. "It's not a dictatorship, but it's not a democracy, either. Those bands have to uphold a certain level of excellence and if they don't, they hate themselves and beat themselves up about it until they get to the next level. This band is automatically there and the more we push, the less we get what we want out of it. So I don't know what you'll see."

"I've never been in a band that I know what it sounds like. Analogies are boring. I don't like them," Charles says.

"We're definitely hard rock. You won't see anything that sucks tonight, that's for sure," Scott adds. Then he talks about The Horns' drummer, Jeremy.

"Jeremy is like a chainsaw. If you just let a chainsaw go on full blast, then it will just go all over the place, but it's doing the right thing—it's cutting.

"It's the same thing with all you guys. I don't push my opinion on you. I just use what you have and let everyone blossom and shine in their own right and in their parts."

Jeremy arrives later, unaware that he was likened to a chainsaw.

Writing songs for this band is an immediate process; if the music gets labored, they throw it out.

"It either comes perfect, or not at all," says Scott. "We're still meticulous. It's like a bad relationship. Why work it out with a girl or a guy you don't get along with? Move on; find someone you do get along with."

Bronco

T-Bone (Tyler): Vocals, harmonica and guitar
Engrid: Drums

Bronco is waiting for me at *Arrow Press Square* up a flight of metal stairs behind their practice space with a few cans of Pabst scattered in front of them.

"How long have we been playing? Five months?" Engrid asks T-Bone.

"I was in Austin for a while," T-Bone says. "I got back last July. She lived in Portland for six years. I think it's not just coincidence. I was going up to the Northwest, but my truck broke down in Albuquerque, so I'm back here."

T-Bone used to be prolific in Salt Lake bands, and it was near impossible to go out and not see a band he was in.

"Tyler likes to make a lot of funny jokes when we're on stage," Engrid says. T-Bone says that they are not funny. "I think they're funny," she says.

"Bronco is pretty tame, unlike what a bronco would be," Tyler says. Engrid adds that it's more like a sleeping bronco. The two of them are pretty laid back as well. A woman walks underneath us and asks what happened to the sex shop that used to be there.

"My friend used to buy weird shit from there. She'd always make me go with her to sex shops to buy weird stuff," Engrid says after the strange woman asked about the missing sex shop. "I did make out with somebody in the Victoria's Secret at Fashion Place mall one time. We just walked in there and decided to make out. We thought it was funny."

The two of them are not necessarily unwilling to talk about their music; it's simply that they don't seem to think there is much to talk about in regards to it.

"We're kind of folk-y ..." T-Bone trails off. "I don't know. I'm sorry, Camilla. I really don't know."

"I would say rock, folk and blues. But it's electric; not acoustic at all," Engrid tries to help. We're asked about the strip club, which is questionably closed as well.

"This is a tough town to expose yourself in," T-Bone says.

Engrid used to play with lots of girls, in *Holly is My Hobby*, *The Chase* and *Terratoma*. She moved up to Portland with another band, *Slow*. T-Bone and Engrid always agree on when to practice and when to perform. They seem comfortable together and it would be easy to mistake them for siblings, given the way they occasionally finish each other's thoughts.

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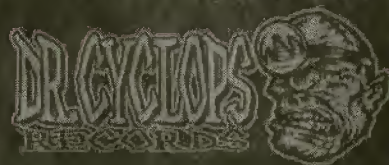
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Waking Up with Jimmy La Valle:

THE ALBUM LEAF'S NEW★ DAWN INSTRUMENTALISM

By Alfred Quinn thesilverspade@gmail.com



Jimmy La Valle is The Album Leaf. His music is more about sonic textures rather than sonic fads. He creates fantastic indie/instrumental music that has depth and honesty. La Valle leaves room for the listener to interpret his work as they listen. It's so well thought out and created with such a spirit of progression—instead of the spirit of pretension that his music is among the best in the indie world today.

La Valle has been creating music for over 10 years, beginning with *The Locust*, where he served as their first keyboard player at the ripe old age of 16. He formed the seminal instrumental group *Tristeza* with some members of fellow San Diego experimental/noise rock groups. His time with *Tristeza* came to an end when he decided to focus more on his own work as *The Album Leaf*. He was a touring and/or recording member of such notable bands as *Sigur Ros*, *The Black Heart Procession* and *GoGoGo Airheart*. He's also worked with former members of *Mum* and *The Cure*.

When I made the call to La Valle at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it seemed that no one was going to pick up, but just as I was about to give up, I heard a faint "hello" through the receiver, and I realized that I had just woken him up. I might have been a little let down by the fact that he used my interview as a wakeup call, but after some small talk that consisted of me saying, "How's it going?" and him replying with a yawn while adjusting his mid-afternoon wood, I launched into some questions.

SLUG: What kind of music did you listen to while you were growing up?

Jimmy La Valle: Stuff like the Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Creedence, stuff like my dad's record collection.

SLUG: Did your dad have a pretty good record collection?

JL: Yeah, it's mine now!

SLUG: What kinds of stuff are you listening to now?

JL: All kinds of stuff; it's hard to pin it down ... electronica, Bob Dylan, Nick Drake, all kinds of stuff.

SLUG: Can you see a comparison between what they did back in the 60s with music and the indie music scene today?

JL: I don't think the stuff that happened back then can be recreated. People are trying and it's cool, but it's really hard to create something that is fresh nowadays.

SLUG: Do you think the attitudes of those artists then compare to the attitudes of the artists now?

JL: Yeah, the world is definitely changing. Everyone has cell phones ...

SLUG: You leave room for the listener to interpret your work. What kind of messages do you create in your music?

JL: I don't really get too intellectual about that. It is kind of what it is. When I sit down to write, I don't really have any messages. They all have meaning to me, but ...

SLUG: You just sit down and let yourself come out in your music.

JL: Yeah, exactly.

SLUG: How is the songwriting process different for instrumental music

than say, a different style of music?

JL: I have no idea; I have never really done anything like that. This [instrumental music] is what I am used to. I have been doing it for eight years now. But they are kind of the same as far as structure, verse-chorus-verse-chorus and so on.

SLUG: What kind of steps do you take when writing a song? Do you start out with a melody first or a chord structure first?

JL: It's all different. I might work off a Rhodes (keyboard) or drums or bass line.

SLUG: Do you ever create songs based on a "field recording"?

JL: I used to. Not really anymore, but it could be anything—the sound of the rain or anything.

SLUG: That is interesting that you bring up the sound of rain. I really dig your song, "This River Deep," from *An Orchestrated Rise to Fall*. It has such a great intro ...

JL: It's a shower.

SLUG: I was wondering if it was rain or not. You also have that great gospel music playing in the background...

JL: That's Tina Turner—actually, Ike and Tina Turner.

SLUG: The combination of the shower and the Turners sets a great mood. What do you look for when making field recordings?

JL: I haven't done it in so long. I kind of miss doing it. I just need the time and the space to do it.

SLUG: Your most recent re-release of the *Seal Beach EP* has a great feel to it. How would you describe the difference between the *Seal Beach EP* and *In a Safe Place*?

JL: *Seal Beach* for me was more of a transition. As far as me going in a new direction, going more electronic and having me being more comfortable with stuff. And also, leaving the old style like the droning keyboards ... *Seal Beach* is one of my favorite records that I've done.

SLUG: Who are some other bands or artists that help define instrumental/post-rock music?

JL: Tortoise, Isotope 217, Mogwai. I definitely think *Tristeza* [La Valle's former band] has something to do with that.

SLUG: Where do you think the future of instrumental music is going?

JL: I think people are a lot more receptive. The point of why I did a couple songs with vocals [see *A Safe Place*] is so that I can write a song that someone can connect with and then maybe buy the record, and then get introduced to this kind of music.

SLUG: Where do you see yourself in the future with music? Do you see yourself pushing limits or sitting back and honing your skills?

JL: Hopefully a little bit of both.

Check out The Album Leaf's latest material, released in April of this year—the *Seal Beach EP*—and keep on the lookout for their tour dates coming up later in 2005!

THE COUNTERCULTURE WILL BE TELEVISED:

A Story About This Year's Vans Warped Tour

By Chuck Berrett
iglu1976@hotmail.com

The Vans Warped Tour has become somewhat of a traveling punch in the face to underground and independent punk music. With a slew of corporate sponsors, *Clear Channel Broadcasting* support and extended *MTV* coverage, some may say the tour has nothing to do with punk rock at all. All opinions aside, the tour goes across the U.S. every year and sells out auditoriums and amphitheaters of a size only bands like *U2* or *The Rolling Stones* are used to. Many, myself included, may see this as a threat to the entire concept of counterculture and alternative music, but there are some who truly are blessed to have this show in existence.

No, I'm not talking about the kids who see their first "punk" show by way of the Warped Tour; I'm talking about the independent bands who are put on the bill. These are bands of people you know—you went to high school with them, you order your iced coffee from them at the local café, you take them for granted when they play two or three times a month in local venues.

For the past three years, local Utah bands have been fortunate enough to receive exposure to thousands of kids across the country while playing select dates on the Warped Tour. In the summer of 2003, Salt Lake's *The New Transit Direction* were the first band from the Beehive to do such.

"I think we played about five shows, all in the Midwest.

"It was hot and windy; it actually kinda sucked at times." [confesses *Josh Asher* vocalist/guitarist for *TNTD*].

"Yeah, I mean, if you're just a little indie band in a van, like we obviously are, it's pretty rough," added *Jake Hawley* (guitarist *TNTD*).

"You just drive your ass off and get there in time to set up, play and tear down to move to the next city. I'm sure it's a lot easier for the bigger bands."

When you think about a tour which has a dozen *MTV* bands on a main stage, miles of merchandise and swarms of vendors rounding up teenage kids under a ridiculously hot summer day, it's probably a lot harder to get noticed than one may think when you're a band like *TNTD*, playing on a small B-stage.

"Well, one of the good things was that we got to play with a lot of nice bands like *The Letter Kills*. Those guys were really cool. Overall it was pretty fun, and definitely a good experience for us," *Josh* admits.

So, how does a little four-piece band from Salt Lake get on a bill like the Warped Tour?

"I think someone just asked us. You see, when we did it, we played on the *Volcom* stage," explains *Jake*. (Every stage on the tour has its own individual corporate sponsor.) "I think someone who was booking bands for *Volcom* just approached us."

EP (recorded by *J. Robbins*) in 2002—that same year they were signed to *Some Records*. In 2003, they released their first full-length album, *Wonderful Defense Mechanisms*. Since then, they have done extensive touring and have played with an impressive list of bands. For them, Warped Tour was a nice stepping-stone and entry into the band's resume.

"We did sell some merch; that was good," says *Jake*. "We didn't have the full-length out then, so we sold some shirts and EPs. We also took some other records with us to sell like *The Kill's Extended Play*, and *Hammergun's Texas*," says *Jake*.

"Yeah, my advice to any local or independent band on Warped Tour is: set your merch table up next to the biggest band you can find. Because there is no order or reserved spot for merch tables, it's just this huge area and you set up wherever," *Josh* added.

Jake also interjects, "Yeah, and sleep as much as you can."

TNTD are only playing the Salt Lake show this year. So, if you're going, show them the love and go see them when they play our local venues as well.

2004's Warped Tour only saw one SLC band play. *TNTD* told me that *Day Two* played the entire Warped Tour last year. Had I known that previous to this article, I would have attempted to contact them as well, but I was unaware. Needless to say, it must have benefited them in some way to play the entire U.S. with that many bands and fans.

This year, the tour features acts such as *Transplants*, *My Chemical Romance*, *The Offspring*, *Atreyu* and *The Explosion*. The Warped Tour has gotten much more diverse with bands in the emo scene (*Underoath*), street punk (*The Unseen*) and metalcore (*Avenged Sevenfold*). The variety takes some of the brunt end of commercial abuse that many of the underground punks hated from previous tours. It has now turned into a traveling showcase of bands that you may see on *TRL* every day alongside bands that *MTV* would never let step foot on a TV screen.

Another Salt Lake band who will be on this year's tour is our own *Her Candane*, invited to play the Ernie Ball stage. *Her Candane* plays a breed of heavy complex rock that a lot of the emo kids will run from, but no one can deny the power of their live performances.

HER CANDANE



"It was a little different that year, because most of the bands were just real fast pop-punk groups, and our style was a little more rock than most. So, I guess we stood out that way," *Josh* remembers.

TNTD was formed in 2000 and released a three-song



TNTD

SKINT

Unfortunately, scheduling difficulties prohibited us from being able to sit down and chat. From what I gathered, they will be playing the Salt Lake leg of the tour, and possibly more. Her Candane has a new record coming out in August on **United Edge Records**. If you haven't seen them live yet, then get off your ass and go. Other Utah bands playing the Ernie Ball stage were winners of the Ernie Ball Battle of the Bands contest: **In Camera**, **His Red Letters**, **Take the Fall**, **Side Dish**, **Kane Hodder**, **My American Heart**, **Big D and the Kid's Table**, **Bleed the Dream**, **Monty's Fan Club** and **Opiate for the Masses**.

The third band on this year's bill is Ogden's **Skint**. Skint is an old-school, politically charged street-punk band who have been together for about eight years. They are the only unsigned band to get 12 shows on the Warped Tour. They have a very solid fan base in Ogden and Salt Lake—hopefully for them, this fan base will extend itself beyond this high plains desert into some other cities when they rock them on the Warped Tour. I spoke with **Jason** from Skint, and he seemed very excited about the opportunity.

"Well, we put in an application on the official Warped Tour website," says Jason. "When they selected us, we only got Salt Lake City, but we were on tour three months ago with the Warped Tour barbeque band **Left Alone**, and they sponsor a stage. We were selected to play on that stage. So, that's how we got so many shows."

For an "old school," heavier punk band, I wondered if there were really any bands on this year's bill they felt they would identify with.

"Well, The Unseen. Of course, **Left Alone**. God, **Billy Idol**'s gonna be there, **Transplants**, **Dropkick Murphy's**. Yeah it's gonna suck," he said sarcastically. "I've gotta see them everyday."

In eight years, Skint has done quite a few small tours out to the West Coast, Colorado and Arizona. They actually try to go out and tour every other month. They understand the importance of networking in the scene in order to advance as a band.

"We're gonna be selling CDs, giving out samplers," says Jason. "Just basically working 14-hour days in order to get our music out there and make some connections."

I then decided to test the waters and mention the fact that bands like them and The Unseen would have to be sharing stages with some of the bands who created the "mall punk" genre. I asked how he felt about playing before masses of sheltered kids who, as of now, think those bands are the epitome of punk rock and have never been exposed to a band like theirs.

"I think everybody knows that if it's good, it's good," says Jason. "I think kids will like our music. On the same page, a lot of kids that come to the Warped Tour now aren't even into punk. There are a lot of emo bands and hardcore bands, so hopefully, we'll get some of those guys to listen to us as well. We're just totally blessed and fortunate to be doing these shows along the whole West Coast."

At the end of September, Skint will be putting out a new record. They've put out three EPs, one full-length, *Dead End Of Glory*, and have played shows with **Rise Against**, **Nashville**

Pussy, **Throwrag**, **Thursday** and **Dwayne Peters**. Skint seems to be one of the most ambitious and eager bands I've ever met in my life, which will hopefully lead to a great deal of success for them.

When we reach the end of this punk rock rainbow, I'm not sure if the Warped Tour will lead to a pot of gold, or another crack in the jaded foundation of the entire culture. It's been very easy for me to bad-mouth the Warped Tour in the past, but that's because I'm old. I was at the age that most of the tour-goers are now when you only saw a punk or hardcore band in a rundown venue that smelled like shit, usually past 300 West. There were no punk bands, or bands that called themselves punk on television or the radio, and you sure as fuck didn't have a chain store in every mall across America selling their mass-produced merchandise. Like all things, punk rock may be getting re-packaged and resold to us, but at least bands on the real level of the culture are getting a chance to make a go of their careers in music through the Warped Tour. I would like to think that most bands cringe every time they look behind them while they're onstage and see a big corporate banner waving behind them. There will always be music for the masses, and music for people who actually love music. I know that the three local bands playing this year love music and that's why they're doing this. They won't be on commercials and they won't be sponsoring clothing brands in the future. If anything, they'll use Warped Tour like an old car. Get everything they can out of it, leave it when it's done, and move on to doing their own new and exciting things; you know, like getting a new car, or a bike, or just fucking walking. ☺

Tough Resin:

The Epoxies Glue Together the weird and the wonderful

By Katie Maloney
katie@slugmag.com

Sitting down and getting ready to call Roxy Epoxy from The Epoxies was a technological breakdown from the beginning. I called her and she answered but couldn't hear me. An annoyed "hello" repeated itself until she hung up. I called back. We finally started off the interview with what I thought was the most obvious question: "What does epoxy mean, and why did you choose it?" She starts joking around and states that the keyboardist is the person I should actually be talking to because he is a carpenter. To her it just means **"two parts, and you have to mix it together to make it super sticky."**

Long before The Epoxies decided upon their name, they had a method behind the strobe light, **electric-tape madness.**

"When we were talking about forming this band, there was a lot of down-and-dirty rock n' roll stuff in Portland. Synthesizers and a crazy stage show were uncool and unheard of. We wanted to pull the synthesizer out of the closet because it was the most uncool instrument at that time." In their attempt to be uncool and **out-of-line**, they've come upon a style and type of show that is more than different—it's groundbreaking and literally extra-ordinary.

At this point, Roxy let me know that she is driving and apologizes for any "unprofessional" answers. I assured her that unordinary interviews are my specialty, being that my last interview was done as soon as the interviewee got out of the shower.

She now informs me that she is parking her car as I ask her if breaking into the mainstream is one of the goals of The Epoxies. Cursing her new neighbors that ignorantly took her parking spot, she replied, "If it happens, it happens, and if it doesn't, it doesn't. If we're gonna sit here and make the goal to make it **commercial**, then more likely than not it's just bound to be a constant disappointment. It's definitely **not the goal**, because if it was, you kind of lose purity in what you're doing and you're just kind of doing what you think will make you big versus what you enjoy doing."

"If you're not planning on making it big specifically, are there any general goals for The Epoxies?" I asked. She begins to answer while sitting in her car when she realizes her cell phone is going to die. She keeps trying to start a sentence but gets distracted at her phone's loss of power. She begins to sing to me as she rolls up her window, runs up her stairs and plugs her phone in. A few more incoherent beginnings of an intelligent conversation are brought up, but are all interrupted with "Damn it" and "Shit... my phone isn't taking the juice!" The phone finally falls dead and **I find myself missing the entertaining singing.**

She calls back and I answer the phone, **"SLUG Magazine?"**

"Hi, is Allison there?"

"Is this Roxy?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, my name is Katie," I say.

Laughs are exchanged as we begin yet another conversation doomed for failure, about forgetting names and faces. The phone cuts out again, I call her back, she gives me her home phone, I call her home, and the interview is rescued.

We bullshit about cell phones for a minute, then I try to steer the conversation back on track with the question I asked 10 minutes ago, about general goals for The Epoxies.

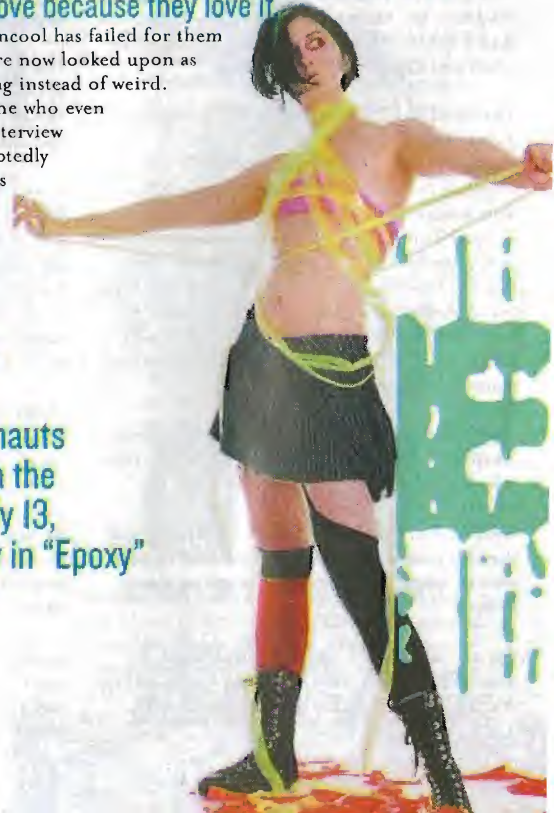
"I just want to keep moving forward," said Roxy. "I think the reason our music is so different is because we all come from different backgrounds. Our guitarist grew up listening to a lot of heavy metal; our keyboardist—when I first met him—all he would listen to was **No Means No** and the **Dead Kennedys**; our drummer is a Southern California boy; I grew up being exposed constantly to classical music. We all have a huge variety behind us."

Because The Epoxies have **no dictated direction musically** or artistically, Roxy states that sometimes the band jokes about growing facial hair, wearing jeans and T-shirts and sitting down to play.

Upon finishing the Y2K-scare of phone conversations, I understood that **The Epoxies are a band that will continue to do what they love because they love it.**

Trying to be uncool has failed for them because they are now looked upon as groundbreaking instead of weird. And that anyone who even looks at this interview should undoubtedly find themselves at the

Epoxies, Aquabats and Phenomenauts show @ In the Venue July 13, preferably in "Epoxy" attire. ☺



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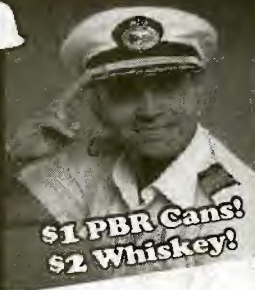
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THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

WRITTEN BY THE BUTCHER HIMSELF

A right, bitches and bitchettes, listen up. I want to tell you, I am not going to **Ozzfest**, mainly because I can't fucking stand **Ozzy** or **Sabbath**. I can hear the roars of disapproval already! But so what. I'm the guy writing this column, not you. I'm more metal than an I-beam falling onto an armored car, damn you!



Having said that, I will not deny the **Ozzy** or **Sabbath** their places in rock and metal history by any means. They were the first, as far as heavier music is concerned. **Maiden** is all good, but the other bands ... no, thank you. But, if you like any of them, I urge you to go. Maybe we can start getting more metal concerts here, unless you still enjoy Utah being known as the place to be for shit like the **Warped Tour**—and

we, the metal community of Utah, don't care about such fodder, correct? Hear my words, mortals!!!

The Reverend Bizarre

In the Rectory of the Bizarre Reverend

Spikefarm Records
Doom metal—slow, grinding, buzzing doom metal! This is fucking great! Despondent vocals laced over crushing, heavy doom from the bowels of sorrow! Like I said, I don't dig **Sabbath**, but their influential place in history is undeniable. One can also hear the imprint of other influential bands such as early **Cathedral**, **Candlemass**, **My Dying Bride**, **Solitude Aeternus**, and so on. Not annoyingly slow, but

satisfyingly slow; each song is at least eight to 15 minutes long. It happened to be raining today—this was the perfect soundtrack ...

Summon

Fallen

Moribund Records

With a growing multitude of releases, Summon

still have something to bitch about—that bastard Christ ("Beating of Christ"), that annoying thing called life ("Blood Red Skies"), their love for metal music ("Loud as Hell, Fast as Fuck") ... Musically (especially vocally), the band sounds not unlike **Angelcorpse**, another hell-inspired war metal band of the same persuasion. Raw, ugly, brutal black thrash.

Blood Ritual

Black Grimoire

Moribund Records

Standard chugging death metal in the vein of early **Grave** or **Incantation** ... Nothing especially new or groundbreaking here, but not bad.

Nile

Annihilation of the Wicked

Relapse Records

Well, those of you who know your death metal already have this—those who don't, you may be thinking about getting it. One thing is for sure, Nile has come to be one of those bands that usually don't disappoint. Personally, I prefer earlier efforts to this one; gone are many of the traditional Egyptian music interludes. The lyrics are still centering on Egyptian lore, but now with an admitted **Lovercraftian** twist; does this mean the band's credibility is diminishing?

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

WRITTEN BY JOHN FORGASH

Billy Sheehan

Cosmic Troubadour

Favored Nations

I was less than optimistic as I prepared to listen to **Billy Sheehan's Cosmic Troubadour** for the first time. Come on, a solo album from a bass player? As each song whizzed by, I grew more and more stunned. This album is great. I've always known Billy as a phenomenal bass player, but never realized this guy is an absolute musical force. For this album, Billy used a standard 4 string bass, along with Baritone 6 and 12 string guitars.

The opening track "Toss It On The Flame" begins the album in a fairly traditional, straight-rock approach. The lead guitar is fairly dominant over the track, but still, Billy's playing isn't over-shadowed. As the album progresses, the bass tracks and the lead guitar tracks swap their normally expected rolls; the bass tracks take over the dominate roll, while the lead guitar parts serve to enhance Billy's playing. I swear I never once missed the lead guitar playing. As I listened to Billy work the bass with skill and precision, my jaw dropped in amazement, and that's coming from a guitar player that in the past considered bass players second class citizens in the music world, relegated to the background. Sheehan's playing shows up everywhere in the sonic listening environment: out in the front, panned hard right and left—everywhere. A lot of cool layered bass parts as well. The tracks with vocals are straight forward, aggressive rock, and all are hook laden

and very well written. The instrumentals lean towards the experimental, jazz/rock fusion side of Billy's playing style. There's not a bad song in the bunch.

Fates Warning

FWX

Metal Blade

This album was released forever ago, but **Fates Warning** is well within its third incarnation. You have their first 3 albums with John Arch on vocals (1984–1986), their progressive metal years starting with **No Exit** (1988), ending with **Inside Out** (1994) and the "dark" years beginning with the suffocatingly somber **A Pleasant Shade Of Gray** (1997). **FWX** is definitely representative of the third stage of this band's life, although it does incorporate some of their past glory. "Simple Human" is by far the heaviest song from this band since the **No Exit** days. The next few tracks are a mixed bag of moody little bitch / straight-forward rocker. The best songs on the album are track 9 "Stranger (With A Familiar Face)" and track 10 "Wish". They are the most progressive and musically challenging songs on the album and some of the few tracks of the release that sport legitimate guitar solos. This band still has it in them and I will always support them, but some of the lyrics of **FWX** and the impending departure of drummer **Mark Zonder** leave doubt as to how much longer they will last—"I will leave behind all of the pages. I will live without, live without. I will walk away far from here

with just a handful of doubt. Twenty years and a handful of doubt. The candle burns quick now and time is running out".

Napalm Death

The Code Is Red...Long Live The Code

Century Media

As a fan of the more polished, post **Harmony Corruption** **Napalm Death**, I really enjoyed *The Code Is Red...* There's just no other band that will play faster, heavier, with more intensity or last longer (around since 1987's *Scum*). Generally, I don't listen so closely to **Napalm Death** releases that I recognize drastic changes in their sound or style from album to album, but there are obvious, undeniable transitions over spans of albums. It seems that since the release of the cover-song **Leaders Not Followers** series, this band has been embracing their punk roots. This is never more apparent than on the track *The Great And The Good* featuring guest vocals from the **Dead Kennedy's** **Jello Biafra**. Other guest vocal spots include **Jamey Jasta** (**Hatebreed**) and **Jeff Walker** (**Carcass**)—about time Jeff got his name attached to something worthwhile since the break-up of **Carcass**. I'm still trying to forget about that musical abomination **Blackstar** that he formed with **Ken Owen** after **Carcass**.

Opeth

Ghost Reveries

Roadrunner

The latest news is that **Opeth** has been signed to **Roadrunner Records**. That

seems a curious choice since the last decade's worth of decisions made by this label (signings to alleged mistreatment of bands) has been questionable at best. All I can say is that **Opeth** is the most important thing to happen to metal since **Metallica** signed to **Metal Blade** and released *Kill 'Em All*. Don't fuck it up **Roadrunner**!!! *Ghost Reveries* is due out late summer. Stay tuned...

Trivium

Ascendancy

Roadrunner

If **Trivium's Ascendancy** is any indication, things just might be on the mend at **Roadrunner**. This release is surprisingly good from start to finish. This band combines a traditional, melodic thrash approach with a more modern, metalcore flair. Vocally, the singer alternates between a screamed, hardcore style to all-out clean, melodic singing. It's actually the super clean vocals that might get these guys in hot water with traditional metal purists. Some of the vocals just come off as a little too clean, and at times seem to lack a compelling intangible, but over-all, the vocals are fairly solid. Musically is where this release really shines, taking much of the burden off the vocal performance. The guitarists of **Trivium** are great and that's not even taking into consideration their young age. These guys are pulling off everything from complicated picking maneuvers to technical, staccato riffing to awesome lead runs.

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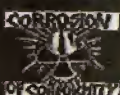

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PIZZA

POOL

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Soccer Dad and the people in your Neighborhood: True Tales of a SLC Cabbie

By The Incredible Gadianton

vicdic66@hotmail.com

Note: All names of persons have been changed



So I had had a decent 10 and a half hours of driving, money-wise and otherwise, and I was seriously considering cutting out before the final 2 a.m. bar rush. It was, after all, my fourth night in a row of working. I was cruising around on West Temple halfheartedly looking for fares, but mostly just kind of soaking up all the activity—the drunk girls and the drunk boys that love them, the fights, the exchanging of digits, the posturing—you know, the standard banality of human mating rituals on a Saturday night. I was particularly focused on the groups of boys and the groups of girls walking back to their cars without scoring and I was imagining which packs of each should've, could've been hooking it up for some after-hours action. I was making some pretty funny pairings, too, when my phone rang.

"Hey Soccer Dad, this is Jane. Could you come and pick me and Tom up?"

Jane is my girlfriend's roommate and she's actually really cool. Oh, and she likes to indulge in libations on occasion. Tom is her new boyfriend.

"Yeah, where you at?"

"Todd's."

"No worries, I'll be there in two minutes."

As I crossed the tracks and pulled up to the bar, I saw Jane struggling to keep Tom and my friend Jerry away from each other. I know that Tom and Jerry have been friends since, like, junior high, so I was thinking that perhaps they were all just fucking around in some sort of faux drunken barn-dance type deal. When I parked the car in front and

got out, however, I realized that they were straight up on the verge of throwing down.

Jerry, slurry beyond slurry: "Dude, fuck you, man. I'll kick your ass."

Tom, trying to reach over Jane and get to Jerry, a little slurry himself but not quite as slurry: "Man, you can fuck off so many times. Don't you ever call my girlfriend a bitch."

And so forth. I'm sure that you've all seen just such a confrontation. And although Jane was doing a bang-up job of keeping them separated, I was thinking that I should probably help her out and get them into the cab away from Jerry. But for some reason, I hesitated. Years of living have taught me that before getting involved in someone else's battles, I had better find out exactly what the score is first.

Said I, "Hey Tom, what's up?"

Tom, "Dude, he called Jane a bitch and now I'm gonna kick his sorry ass."

Jerry, "Yeah right, pussy. I'll beat your weak ass down."

OK, so yeah—I was thinking that it was all just a little bit of drunken nonsense; that I should totally just diffuse it and get Jane and Tom home. Then, Jerry took a swing at Tom, missed, and hit Jane in the boob area. Oh, shit.

Very calmly, Tom looked at me and asked, "Could you get Jane out my way now so that I can kick this motherfucker's ass?"

And, according to polite society, I totally shouldn't have. I totally should've said no and I totally should've forced him and Jane into the cab. But lots of thoughts in my head led me to believe that I should just let 'em knock around for a minute. I mean, Jerry *was* kind of being an ass. And he did just hit Tom's girlfriend in the chest. And sometimes it's good for longtime friends to have a good fight, right? Right? See, here's the worst part, though—I think that I wanted to see them fight and I think that I wanted to see who would win (I would've put money on Tom, mostly 'cause Jerry was way more drunk). And I figured that I could play referee and that if it got too bad, I could simply break it up. I motioned Jane over to me and she reluctantly obliged.

And then it was on. Initially, like most drunken scraps, there was a lot of wrestling and attempted tackles. And then Jerry got Tom up against my cab and landed a pretty square shot to the left eye. It had been awhile since I had heard that sound—the sound of a fist landing on a human face. It has such a dull and hollow quality to it that is so much more sickening than the imitated sound in the movies. I cringed and questioned my decision to not break it up. As soon as Tom cocked back from the punch though, I could see his face take on an air of gratuitous determination. He was going to fight for his honor, for Jane's honor, and he was totally going to win. I didn't envy Jerry at all. Sure enough, Tom went ballistic. At the crescendo, Jerry was on the ground as Tom stood over him and landed three successive right hooks to the mouth—one, two and THREE!!! At that point, Jerry held up his hands in an "uncle" gesture and Tom let him up. Jerry's mouth was bleeding. Fight over.

After I dropped Jane and Tom off, it was definitely quitting time. I played the scene over in my mind as I drove back to City Cab HQ and tried to decide if I had let them fight more for their own good or for mine. I tried to feel all benevolent and wise, but mostly, I just felt voyeur's remorse. Yeah, I'm definitely still kind of a shitty person, despite my desires for the opposite. Oh well, huh? A happy aside, though—Tom and Jerry pretty much made up the next day.

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If you were lucky enough to arrive early and catch **She Wants Revenge** open up for the **Bloc Party** show, you already know that they could be one of the better bands to emerge from this post-chaos with a **Joy Division** twist. So when "Sister" backed with "Out of Control" appeared in my box for review, I was anxious to see how they came across. I won't say I'm disappointed, but "Sister" sounds a bit too much like **Interpol** and "Out of Control" is an Interpol meets **The Killers** sort of hybrid. Hopefully, their full-length offers a bit more variety that captures the strengths of their live performance.

The Warlocks

Surgery

Mute

Street: 08.23

Bobby Hecksher and his infamously bohemian cohorts' last album, *Phoenix*, was one of the more interesting releases of 2003. It wasn't perfect; there was a sense of noise and chaos that often overshadowed the actual hook of the songs. Call it beautiful noise, but it was nonetheless a step behind the likes of **BRMC** or **The Dandy Warhols**. With *Surgery* The Warlocks obliterate that problem by channeling **Phil Spector**, which may seem like the hip thing to do, but unlike **The Raveonettes'** new release (who had the balance right on their first album), The Warlocks don't sacrifice the brilliant wall of noise just to write pop songs. They've kept enough of the past to advance the old sound into something more akin to the genre-bending antics of **Spiritualized**. Produced by **Tom Rothrock** (Beck, Elliot Smith, Coldplay) *Surgery* is the first "properly" recorded album, and while that may look like a horrible idea on paper, in this case it actually works to the band's benefit. The focus is tight, nearly as tight as the despair and illness that dangles the band inches away from self-destruction. You saw it in **Joy Division**; while they've yet to achieve that perfect balance of tension and release, you can't help but feel like there's a train wreck around the bend and that's both exhilarating and terrifying. The album isn't out until the end of August, but they'll be making a stop off with **BJM** (currently 1 of only 5 shows they'll be playing before the album's release) in July and you absolutely cannot afford to miss The Warlocks. (07.18 Velvet Room w/ Brian Jonestown Massacre)



THE WARLOCKS

Vetiver

Between EP

DiCristina

Street: 06.07

San Francisco's Andy Cabic & Co. are reminiscent of **Damien Rice's** haunting yet somewhat off-kilter folk with subtle atmospheric drifting below the acoustic guitars. Stripped bare, the songs push focus to the vocals, much like the earlier **Red House Painter** releases. Already heralded in the UK, where they recently headlined the Twisted Folk Festival series, Vetiver are poised for critical acclaim a little closer to home.

Mice Parade

Bem-Vinda Vontade

Bubble Core

Street: 05.23

Originally, Mice Parade was **Adam Pierce's** experimental instrumental project, but over the years, it has evolved to be a bit more pop structured with the inclusion of vocals. Mind, this isn't your top 40 sort of pop. No, when I say pop, I mean **Magnetic Fields** meets experimental **Tortoise**-complicated pop. This is an avant-jazz indie chillout and it works quite well. *Bem-Vinda Vontade* was recorded with the assistance from **Kristin Anna Valtysdottir** (Mum), who also adds her distinct siren's whisper on a couple tracks. **Doug Scharin** (June of 44) and **Dylan Cristy** (Dylan Group). There is also a guest appearance from **Ikuko Harada**, singer of Japan's top-selling **Clammbon**.

Shelby

The Luxury of Time

Gigantic Music

Street: 08.09

I know, you're sick of the 80s and even more tired of bands paying homage to the decade of excess, but before you completely abandon the retro-chic, give NYC's Shelby your complete attention. They don't sound like the Killers or the Bravery with stolen **Duran Duran** bass lines and bubble gum electronics, nor do they come across as a clone of **The Gang of Four** or whatever the mid-level band the critics are pushing towards a reunion. No, on the opening track, "The Golden Boy," Shelby set up *The Luxury of Time* perfectly by wandering in with a rainstorm of guitars, and just when you think you know exactly where everything is going, lightning strikes. *The Luxury of Time* is bombastic at times and still retains a sense of vulnerability that most bands lose in the process of turning up the volume and hitting the distortion. **Kenny Cummings** and **Phil Schuster** swagger like **Oasis** had they listened to **The Who** and **Echo & the Bunnymen** rather than **The Beatles** and **Paul Weller**, but without the overwhelming pretense of arrogance. So not exactly the 80s you were thinking of. Better; much better.

Vox Vermillion

Standing Still You Move Forward

Women Records

Street: 05.10

You might not expect to find mellow indie pop on a label created by hip hop artists **Slug** (Atmosphere) and **Murs** (Living Legends), but that's exactly what you have in Minneapolis' Vox Vermillion. Based around **Kelsey Crawford's** distinct voice, which has a sort of retro jazz by way of **Beth Gibbons** (Portishead) feel to it, *Standing Still You Move Forward* tends to meander a bit. The music is warm, often mellow, with a little bounce behind it, but only on "Controller" (which is certain to be your favorite, or least enjoyable track, depending on your point of view) do things really become reckless come together. Not that the slower material isn't interesting. The use rhythm section's use of tempo changes and touches of cello to augment the piano keep the album far from bottoming out. Not quite like anything you've been listening to.

mod \$ OPERAND

by amy spencer oneamyseven@kommandzero.net

Haujobb Vertical Mixes

Metropolis Records

Street: 05.17

The 2003 release of *Vertical Theory* never got quite the attention it deserved, but maybe with some killer remixes from musicians like Glis, Seabound and Asche, Haujobb will be hitting the CD decks the way they did in the early 90s. With two original tracks and two remixes, Haujobb's explosive journey brings back sounds from earlier albums that trigger the nostalgia button, inspiring repeat listens of older Haujobb material. The Haujobb "Renegades of Noize (Remix)" is dreamy and drops in distorted vocals and blippy beeps, creating a soundtrack-type pace for the album. The catchy "Perpetual Motion" is a new one for savoring. Haujobb remixes of "Metric" and "Platform" mix in IDM textures and samples. If you heard this album without reading the notes, you would instantly recognize **This Morn Omina's** contribution (as "verses Haujobb") on "We are the Renegades of Noize," and Glis tones down the vocals and transforms "Slide" into the next dance floor filler. Obviously, the Asche and Iszoloscope remixes kick ass. The synth-heavy **Backlash** remix of "S.Adow" has been my most played track on this disc and will continue to be if I keep it in my car any longer. For the people who "still haven't picked up *Polarity* or *Vertical Theory* yet," this is your nudge. Haujobb still rocks. Just ask the kids who have been raving about their performance at the *Treffen* festival.

Mind.in.a.box Dreamweb

Metropolis Records

Street: 05.30

I say this blindly, but I'm certain Mind.in.a.box should be getting more recognition. And maybe across the Atlantic, they are. Only a year ago, Mind.in.a.box stirred that breathe of fresh air that so many people needed into the EBM music mix with his first masterpiece, *Lost Alone*. *Dreamweb* is an ideal follow-up to the debut album with perfectly composed music, personal lyrics and untreated vocals that blur the lines between synth-pop, industrial and EBM. *Dreamweb* introduces guitars in a non-offensive way while switching into a synthy anthem with precision, particularly on "Machine Run." Rich textures are fashioned on "Loyalty" where emotional lyrics make a moody addictive track for a heart-broken individual. Twelve tracks don't seem like enough from this video-game composer who challenges people to more or less think outside the box. Only a handful of musicians have moved me the way Mind.in.a.box has.

Supreme Court

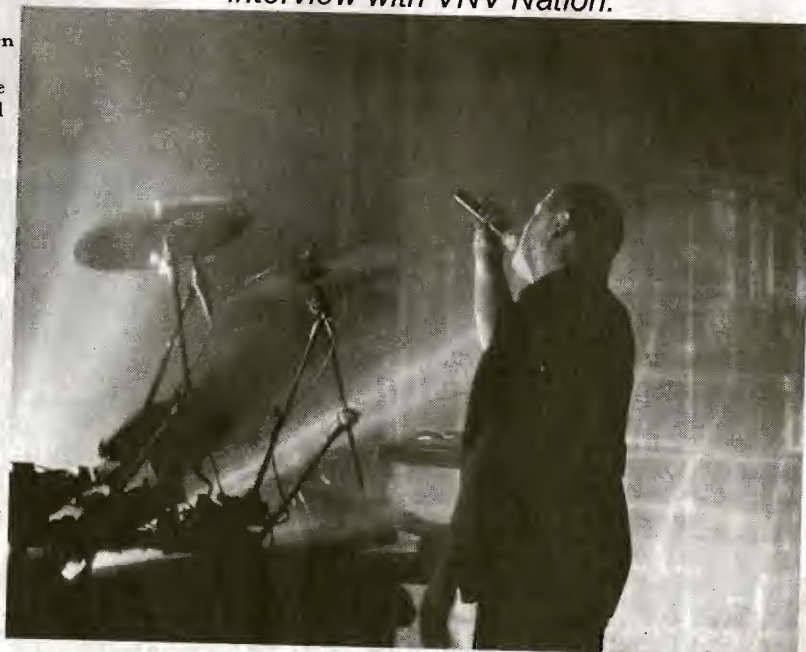
Yell it Out!

Black Rain

Street: 05.23

It's always a treasure to find EBM that stands out among the clutter of acts who try to sound like **Assemblage 23**, **Frontline Assembly** or anyone else who has earned a good name for themselves. Supreme Court, who has been around since 1996, but is only now showing the goods with "Yell it Out!" The time gap can be blamed on DavaNtage's Kay Hartel for releasing incredible music under the other moniker. After the memorable floor-stomping release from DavaNtage, *Unholy*, you don't want to miss a release from this guy. It starts with "Yell," a short blippy intro to get the dance floor warmed up, then scurries into twopounding industrial songs complete with growling vocals reminiscent of BiGod 20. The strings on "Corroded Brain" will hook you

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to the next rhythm on "Satisfy My Needs." Throbbing percussion make my favorites, "A.L.S. - S.L.A." and "Terror Chant," featuring Felix from Feindflug. The last track is called, "...It Out," a very "this is the last song" kind of sound without vocals. As catchy as Supreme Court may be, I'm still holding tight for the new DavaNtage that was due out more than five months ago.

Noise Unit Voyeur

Metropolis Records

Street: 06.07

With Frontline Assembly releasing their "final" album in the last year, it didn't take long for Bill Leeb to have the need to create something new and ultimately revive a side project.

Voyeur is No. 6 in the Noise Unit discography that spans across 16 years, with the last album, *Drill*, coming out eight years ago. The obvious Bill Leeb atmospheric buildups, mesmerizing synths and whispered vocals are present and sound all-to-familiar, as it has become difficult to distinguish between his side projects like *Delirium*, *Synesthesia*, *Equinox* or *Pro-Tech*. "Surveillance" is an instant favorite, with its signature atmospheric buildup and flavorful percussion. Another is "Paranoid," with chill beats and a synth line that could be a remix of **Boards of Canada's** "Roygbiv." "Liberation" transitions into an FLA, *Millenium*-style, Bill Leeb rap-surprising and unfitting, but not bad. Twelve minutes of "Monolith" is the ultimate example of the buildup when, about nine minutes into it, loads of hard, pounding drum n' bass does a number on the ear drums. *Voyeur* is melodic and moody and a nice surprise from the man who will never stop making exceptional music.

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Papa Don't Preach.

A CONVERSATION WITH DAVID PAJO

By Ryan Shelton

ryans@slugmag.com

David Pajo is a busy man. In March, he finished the highly successful and cult-approved Slint reunion tour, released his sixth solo album in June and is currently working on a Slint reunion tour DVD while writing new material for yet another record. Pajo, who travels back and forth from his home in Louisville to his apartment in Manhattan, granted SLUG a candid look into the indie-rock legend's life.

Pajo has released two albums under the name **Ariel M**, two singles under **M**, three LPs under **Papa M** and now, his latest, **PAJO**. He explains that his name changes were intended to delineate time periods in his life; time periods which produced different styles of music.

The new **PAJO** record, like the **Papa M** record preceding it, is delicate folk music centered around acoustic guitar. The new album, which is also available on vinyl, has more of a pop feel, which can perhaps be attributed to the drum machine accompaniments on some of the songs and the vocal melodies that can best be compared to Elliot Smith's.

Pajo has been part of a number of influential groups such as **King Kong**, **The Palace Brothers**, **Stereolab**, **The For Carnation**, **Matmos**, **Palace**, **Tortoise**, **Bonnie 'Prince' Billy** and **Zwan**.

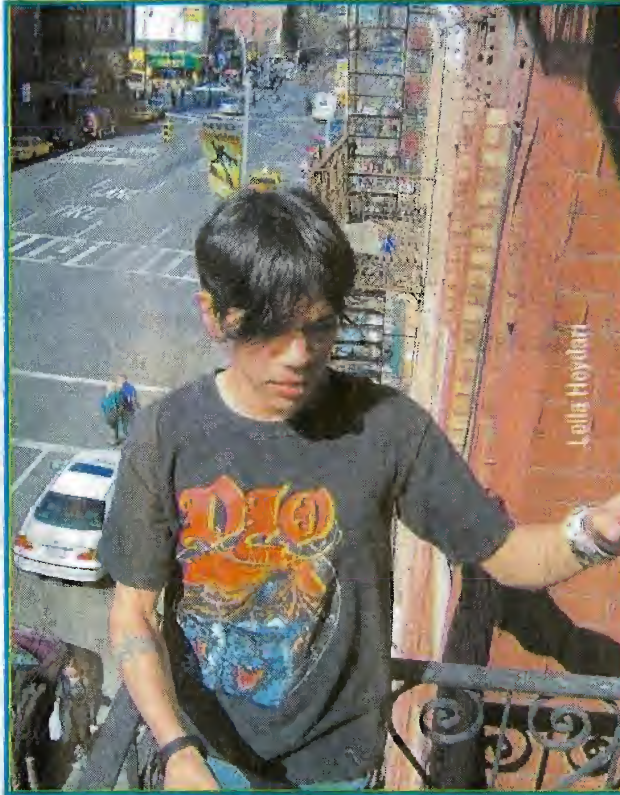
According to Pajo, in previous releases, he was trying to maintain a feeling of anonymity, whereas his newest self-titled release "just felt more like a solo record. ... With these new songs, I couldn't deny that they were about me."

Pajo explains how he recorded the entire record on his laptop, using the \$40 mixing program that his computer came with.

"It wasn't a conscience decision," explains Pajo. "I was using the laptop as a sketchpad; I'd get a song idea and record on there really fast because most of the songs were written in New York. It just got to the point where I started to like the demo versions ... when I would come back to Louisville to record them in my more proper home studio, they sounded ... almost sanitized or something."

When David Pajo first starting releasing solo material, it was strictly instrumental. Over the years, Pajo began to sing more and more on each record, and has now, for the first time, put out an album in which he sings on every song. Pajo explains that he has gained more confidence as a singer, but still has trouble singing live. The vocals on his new record are very soft spoken, but as I learned, Pajo is quite soft spoken in conversation as well.

"I had a roommate who would often sleep during the day," says Pajo. "When I would put down my song ideas, I had to sing really quietly ... there's almost a completely different vocal style [on the album], which



just came out of my roommate situation.

Pajo, who only recently began living in New York, admits that the city was very influential when it came to songwriting.

"The over-stimulus of living in New York made me want to make something that was just like a brain massage," says Pajo. "A lot of the songs were written after I played shows with a metal band [**Early Man**]. I'd come home with listening fatigue, so I'd write these super-quiet songs that were like the only thing I could bear to listen to at that point."

As happens with so many new releases these days, Pajo's album was leaked onto the Internet in May, which caused quite the stir on the singer's message board.

"I'm so into downloading," admits Pajo. "I think that if you're really into something, you want it right away, but you also want to have it in your collection. Usually if I download something and like it, I end up buying it."

Pajo does not plan on doing any touring for the new album. "I thought about it a lot, but I still have trouble playing these songs live," says Pajo. "I like the songs, but I'm more excited about this

new thing I'm working on. I want to get that off the ground."

"I've already started working on the next record," Pajo eagerly explains. "It sounds totally different; it's like the exact opposite. I think I'm going to get somebody else to sing."

Pajo explains how his new record involves a "real band," which has adopted the name **Dead Child**, and describes the songwriting process as democratic. Pajo's new band includes **Todd Cook (Crain, For Carnation June of 44, Retsin)**, who played bass on the Slint reunion tour, **Michael McMan**, fellow Slint guitarist and **Tony Bailey**, a drummer and Louisville native who has toured with **Aerial M**.

Pajo reluctantly admits that Slint has no plans of making their recent reunion permanent, saying, "I love the way we get along musically."

"In a way, I feel like just by doing the reunion tour, we're already affecting whatever reputation we had in peoples' minds and I'd like to preserve that as much as possible, not put out 'Slint 2006' and have people say, 'Well, I prefer the old Slint.' It was something that we were all really psyched to do, but it was like, we did have lives we had to go back to."

Before going on about his day in Louisville, David Pajo suggested that I check out **Pearls and Brass**, a new band that he's excited about, and left me with one final thought.

"I love Salt Lake City. Everyone I've met has been super cool. It's beautiful around that area." ☺

From the Salton Sea to the Great Salt Lake:

By: Ricky Stink

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An Interview with Throwrag

Who said So Cal punk rock and rock 'n' roll sucks? Oh yeah, I did. At least 99 percent of the garbage that comes out of that shit hole called Los Angeles sucks major balls. **Throwrag** happens to be the one percent, and this is an interview with the captain, **Captain Sean-Doe**.

SLUG: What the fuck does Throwrag mean?
Sean: It's just a slang word for "trash—it." Comes from the south. It's just a dirty old trash rag.

SLUG: How the fuck did Throwrag get started?

Sean: I have been playin' in punk rock bands since I was 15, but none that anyone has ever heard of. You know how bands usually start...your friend plays an instrument, or you just ask, "you wanna be in a band bro?" We tried putting an ad in the paper, but that shit never works.

SLUG: Where the fuck does Throwrag reside?
Sean: Well, I am in the low desert of California, but we got members all the way from the beach to Los Angeles.

SLUG: Does that make it hard to get together?

Sean: Yeah. Well, our band actually started out near the beach—that's where I lived for a couple years and that's where we all met. Later, I moved out to the desert. So we are trying to meet right now, and it's like eight phone calls later, we're trying to find a place and time when everyone can meet in the middle. I'm the one that lives farthest out, it's a couple hours drive for me, but everyone else is in the same zone.

SLUG: Tell me how the band progressed from *Tee-Tot to 13 ft. & Rising*.

Sean: Originally, I was taking more of a hill-billy approach when I started the band, or at least a more acoustic approach. But once we started to play live more with bands like **The Humpers** and other rock 'n' roll bands, we started writing songs that were louder—with big chords—that seemed to work better live. That is how we progressed into rock for the most part, but on the new album [*13 ft. & Rising*] we have a country song, a ballad and an instrumental as well. So it has a bit of the feel that our first album had as well. It just comes down to how you want to record an album. Like on *Desert Shores*, we had the more live album feel. We even met with **Blag** from **The Dwarves** and he kind of beat us up a little bit and gave us some song writing tips, which we actually used.

SLUG: I'm not sure **The Dwarves** are in any position to give song-writing tips after their last couple of **Epitaph** albums.

Sean: That's funny, after I just told you that I was sensing you were going to bring that up,

however, I have not heard their new album [out on **Smpathy for the Record Industry**]. The thing is, just because somebody does something you don't like, doesn't make them a bad songwriter. The **Blag** thing didn't last very long anyway, we kinda got a bad vibe. He's brutally honest and we couldn't see it lasting or working out the way we wanted it. I don't know what people want, but we are happy with it. We spent a year writing the songs and rewriting them, so we are happy.

SLUG: Why did you choose **BYO**?

Sean: Well, we wanted to be on a label that we didn't think was going to fold anytime soon. They have a good track record of 20 years and they are accessible not to only kids, but also adults. There were a couple little labels that wanted to put us out, but to be honest, nobody really wanted to put us out at first.

"There were a couple little labels that wanted to put us out, but to be honest, nobody really wanted to put us out...at first."

SLUG: What about now? With all your stardom do you have any major labels propositioning?

Sean: No, we haven't talked to anybody. When we signed with **BYO** we agreed to make two albums with them and we haven't thought beyond that. It would be weird to start thinking about that if we haven't even done this yet. We are just trying to stay in the day and promote this album. We did just do a **Queens of the Stone Age** tour and after that people were like, "damn, you guys made it man." Which is cool they think that, but I didn't see anywhere near as many hot supermodels as I wanted to when we were on that fuckin' tour, and nobody brought a bag of fuckin' cash for us either.

SLUG: On the subject of your **QOTSA** tour, I read you got booed off the stage in Canada, is that true?

Sean: In Vancouver Canada after we were done fuckin' playin' we got booed, which was shocking to us because we never had that happen before. But on the same note, the boos were split. It was a big venue—about three thousand people. I don't know how many were involved, but it was loud enough for us to hear. I was running my mouth a little that night also, so that might have contributed to the situation. It was kinda' cool though cause most people don't have the balls to speak up and say what's on their mind. That reminds

me of the people in Germany, they will come up and just ask you, (in German accent and broken English) "why is your album not so, uh good?" or "Why you not as good live as last time?" Which is kinda cool.

SLUG: Some people do say your live shows are better than your albums...

Sean: Dude believe me, I've heard that. I think this new album stands up pretty well on its own. Maybe I'm just fuckin' crazy cause it hasn't come out yet and nobody has heard it, but I really believe it does... We are definitely one of those live bands that, if you haven't already seen the band, it's kinda hard to grab the music sometimes. Not that the music sucks, but if you have someone raving about the band and you put the music on, some people are like, "I don't know man, I just don't get it, what you mean this band is-

'great' ". For example, there is a band called **Go Go Bordello**. We will be doing some shows with them and **Flogging Molly** real soon, unfortunately not Salt Lake; but they are so great live and when you listen to their music, I can see how they could have the same problem. They are considered like **Russian Gypsy-Punk** or something. The music doesn't really grab you, but once you see them you are so blown away...you have to get the album.

SLUG: What is Throwrag's obsession with white shoes and white belts?

Sean: Man you know its been 10 years since we put the band together, and one of the guys who started the band with me, who is no longer with us, **Scorcho**, was wearing white shoes when we started the band. He was going with the Vegas polyester sleazy thing, and we thought, "hey dude that's the look man," so we just made that the dress code back then and never strayed from it. But I have noticed a lot of white shoes this year man.

SLUG: So you started a trend?

Sean: I don't think so cause no one knows who the fuck we are anyway. But when **The Hives** came out we were like, "Hey man, those are our shoes, your killing us over here!" But they have been a band almost as long as we have—about 10 years—so that cancels that. I have been seeing that shit in stores now more often; you used to have to

go to thrift stores for that shit.

SLUG: I understand you are playing some shows on the *Warped Tour*, what do you think you can gain from that?

Sean: Well, we are playing three shows, and we are hoping to get people who aren't like you or me, who are looking for music on a daily basis, to maybe find out about us. Maybe try and appeal to a younger crowd that hasn't heard Throwrag.

SLUG: What kind of shows do you enjoy playing the most, bars or all ages?

Sean: You know my favorite shows are all ages with a bar. But those rooms are almost impossible to find sometimes. The last time we played Salt Lake we played at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*, which was cool, but next time we are there we are playing an all ages show with *The Street Dogs*, which I prefer, but with some people I know; if they don't have booze with the show it bums them out.

SLUG: Are Throwrag drinkers?

Sean: Well the band will get their booze whether its all ages or not, they don't care. Anyways, I don't drink.

SLUG: Do you do drugs?

Sean: I don't do drugs either, but I have had my share of both.

SLUG: You have *Lemme* on your new album, who's dick did you have to suck to get him on it?

Sean: Dude, I had to suck his dick. Nah, the guy who recorded our album recorded *Motorhead's* last album, and we were like, "dude you gotta get *Lemme* on our record." He said it was going to be too hard, but then *Lemme* called him when we were recording and needed a favor from him—to come up and do some vocal tracks—so it just worked out perfect. He said he would listen to it and if he didn't like it he wouldn't do it, but he liked it obviously. I still can't believe he is on the album.

SLUG: *Jello Biafra* is also on the album, who's dick did he have to suck to get on it?

Sean: [laughs for 10 seconds] That's so funny. That's so fucked. We had this song already, an instrumental, and we thought it would be cool to have *Jello* and *Keith Morris* (*Circle Jerks/Black Flag* front man to all you morons) do their spoken word thing over it. We just thought it would fit. So I asked him and Keith and they both said they would do it. *Jello* recorded his part in a studio and sent it to us and Keith did his on an answering machine. It sucks cause we were supposed to have *Exene* from *X* to do the same thing but we turned off the machine like, dumbasses.

Throwrag has played here multiple times over the past few years. In case you are a *douche bag* (and I am sure you are) and have missed them every time, here is your chance to redeem yourself. Pick up the new album, *13 ft. & Rising*, on July 12, then memorize all the lyrics in four days so you can sing along with them on July 16 at the *Lo-Fi Café*. ☺

THROW RAG WORKS THE DRUNKS AT BURT'S TIKI LOUNGE LAST MONTH. PHOTOS: DAN BORDER



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The 101 Green Street

Limekiln Records

Street: 02.22

The 101 = Gin Blossoms +
Toad the Wet Sprocket + Goo
Goo Dolls

The familiar 90s rock sounds of the new 101 album make this album boring and weak. There are no surprises here and it is easy to predict what lies around each and every corner. This album recreates the stripped-down guitar and harmony rock of the late 90s à la Goo Goo Dolls. I am sure they would rather be compared to the great Minnesota rock from the 80s, but they simply do not have the heart or the cavalier attitude to be compared to such iconic bands. Their attempt to sound bad ass and/or edgy on the song "Fucked Up Job" is deflated by the lame-ass chorus of "Regret," where they mumble "Son of a gun's bound to make you run..." and then follow it up with a sneering but far from brute "Cause I'm the one going to make them run!" I'm sorry, but the phrase "son of a gun" doesn't inspire fear, unless he was singing to a bunch of grade-school kids. Then again, maybe he had to look back that far in his life to build the anger he needed for yet another bland song for this bland album. —*Alfred Quinn*

Acid King

III

Small Stone Records

Street: 06.21

Acid King = Altamont + Kyuss + Saint Vitus (all with female vocals)

It seems to me that Small Stone Records has taken over where Man's Ruin (R.I.P.) left off. They have acquired a number of bands that either started or had a stint with Frank Kozik's seminal northern California label. Acid King is a fine case in point. Even though their debut, *Zoroaster*, came courtesy of Sympathy For The Record Industry, Mr. Kozik took them in to release a split with Altamont in 1997, which led to the release of their second full length, *Busse Woods*, in 1999. After the label departed (sniff...), Small Stone re-released *Busse Woods* last year and have just released the outstanding *III*. Forming in 1993, Acid King has changed bass players a couple of times, borrowing musicians from the San Francisco area to fill spots when needed. With Lori S. (who happens to be the daughter of Shirley Temple and is married to Mr. Dale Crover) on vocals and guitar, Joey Osbourne of Altamont hitting the drums, and current bassist Guy Pinhas borrowed from rock gods Goatsnake and the highly influential masters of doom, The Obsessed, *III* is a heavy, sludge-rock masterwork. Lori's echoed vocals mix well with the wall of sound they deliver, especially on "War of the Mind," and "Sunshine and Sorrow." Which is perfect, but with only seven tracks and clocking in at less than 47 minutes, I wanted more. —*Nick Salimeno*

The Aquabats

Charge!!!

Nitro Records

The Aquabats = Reel Big Fish + The Lillingtons +
Buck-O-Nine + robots + strobe lights + beach parties +
superheroes

Street: 06.07

If anyone has heard the pre-released "Fashion Zombies," they should rest assured that the rest of the album is just as awesomely fantastic! With song titles such as "Stuck in a Movie!", "Meltdown!" and "Nerd Alert!" (Every song ending in an exclamation point!!!), it really is hard to deny this energy-giving, entertaining, strictly pure, superior band! *Charge!!!* takes The Aquabats' last releases and pumps them up with more stories of lost love, adventure and superhero fighting! Imagine taking Reel Big Fish, making the lead singer "The Bat Commander," adding two more members, endless parties and fighting evil—and you've got The Aquabats! If you've never seen The Aquabats, you are missing a part of your life, they will be on tour featuring The Epoxies and The Phenomenauts (two other amazingly great electronic-bouncy bands)! (In the Venue: 7/13) —*Katie Maloney*

As I Lay Dying

Shadows are Security

Metal Blade

Street: 06.14

As I Lay Dying = At The Gates circa Slaughter of the Soul + In
Flames circa Clayman + Carcass circa Heartwork + well, need we
go on?

As I Lay Dying has all the markings of a most triumphant mid-90s Swedish metal band: sinister band name, macabre black-metal guitar harmonies, demoniac vocal chords, growling enigmatic lyrics and most importantly, long, flowing locks. However, As I Lay Dying call sunny San Diego home and in turn, they also possess the sunburnt-brand of So-Cal's fashion-conscious metalcore scene: schmaltz-laden emo melodies, gratuitous brodowns and—most detrimental to their metallitude—flat irons for their long flowing locks. "Meaning in Tragedy" starts the show with a surprisingly genuine showing of Gothenburg-bred melodic metal, revealing that these kids certainly know what they're doing. But as the radio-pop structure and Dashboard Confessional-worthy whines of "The Darkest Nights" take hold, it becomes painstakingly clear that they just aren't doing it right. —*Dan Fletcher*

Andi Camp

Magnetic EP

Grafton Records

Street: 07.12

Andi Camp = Mates of State + Tori Amos (minus the red hair)

The first thing I noticed about this release and, apparently, all of Mrs. Camp's releases, is the art that carries the music. This particular EP comes with a magnetic clasp and very organic, handmade liner notes and a press release. The songs are based around Andi's voice and piano as the interior of the music, but drummer Ryan Heise is really the concrete holding this home together. Andi's voice varies between jazzy and sharp to rough and longing, depending on the content of the song. Some highlights include "Billy," which sounds similar to Dear Nora and the opening track, "Magnetic." However, the best track on the album being the remake of Uncle Tupelo's "Moonshiner" says a lot (when a cover beats out your own tunes). —*Josh Scheuerman*

BC Camplight

Hide, Run Away

One Little Indian

Street: 07.04

B.C. Camplight = Ben Folds + Ben Folds Five + Todd
Rundgren + Ben Folds

The first track on *Hide, Run Away* is really, extremely corny. But track two, "Blood and Peanut Butter?" It's like all those near-guilty-pleasure power-pop songs you know you love smashed into a big jellyroll of amazement. Electric pianos and tambourines dominate the scene on this brilliant track, and I can't get enough of it. But the majority of this album so heinously covers nonexistent Ben Folds Five songs that it's too much to stomach. BC Camplight lacks the surprising pre-solo heavy sound that crept into some old BFF material too, focusing more on their kooky, almost showtune side. "Wouldn't Mind The Sunshine," one of the more unique tracks, sounds like a lost, echoey collaboration between John Lennon and Wilco. When BC Camplight singer/songwriter Brian Christinzio hits the mark, he does it with gusto, but much of this album is like that uncomfortable silence after an unfunny joke. Billy Joel, anyone? —*Jamila Roehrig*

Bedouin Soundclash

Sounding A Mosaic

SideOneDummy Records

street: 05.10

Bedouin Soundclash = The Police + Joe Strummer + Steel
Pulse - any soul or sustenance

Bedouin Soundclash seem to be taking cues from the mistakes made by Sublime and UB40, but not learning from them. Here is another fine example of what happens when suburban white kids get a hold of some reggae records. This sort of thing was stale 10 years ago but has now reached the point of growing mold and is in dire need of being thrown out. And just to add some much needed credibility to this stretch-fest, Bedouin Soundclash have enlisted the production skills of Darryl Jennifer of Bad Brains fame. But even a Bad Brain can't save this bunch of posers from biting the big one! Let's hear it for the Warped Tour, eh?!? (Vans Warped Tour '05, Utah State Fairgrounds: 07.16) —*Jared Soper*

CD Reviews

Black Mountain

Self-titled

Jagjaguwar

Street: 01.18

Black Mountain = Bardo Pond + some Jefferson Airplane + a skosh of Allman Brothers Band

I always see those Kings of Leon dudes on MTV2 at 3a.m. There are a few herds and their clothes are torn. Apparently, they are the progeny of a gospel-lovin' southern preacher. So why can Canadians play southern rock so much better? It is a sad, sad America with so many revivalists running around stealing Neil Young riffs and smoking more cigarettes than will ever be necessary and the best vintage sludge-rock is pumped from Vancouver. These guys probably have the same beards and quasi-ironic tattoos as many American musicians trapped in the past, but the accoutrements are worn with more beauty, charm and maturity. These guys (and girl) are alright. So, wave this album in the face of everyone that has purchased a Kings of Leon album. —Mil Mascaras, Esq.

Boys Night Out

Trainwreck

Ferret Music

Street: 07.26

Boys Night Out = Green Day + At The Drive In + The Used

Concept albums seem to be the way for goofy pop-punk bands to attempt to gain some respect. These bands must be tired of singing about being bored and are looking to add depth to their material as their target audience matures. For the most part, Boys Night Out pulls off the concept thing on their new album, *Trainwreck*. The guitar work here is excellent and reminiscent of more veteran emo bands, e.g., The Mars Volta. However, the album is a much better listen if you skip past the first track. It is an annoying, pseudo-serious medical report which might read, "Doctor, this album is going to be about a screwed-up kid in an even more screwed-up world, and if you listen closely enough, you might shed a tear." Maybe the track is meant to lay the foundation for the underlying theme of the album, but they should have let the songs speak for themselves, because they're pretty solid and enjoyable. (*Vans Warped Tour '05*, Utah State Fairgrounds: 07.16) —Alfred Quinn

Bullet Train To Vegas

We Put Scissors Where Our Mouths Are

Nitro Records

Street: 06.07

Bullet Train To Vegas = Drive Like Jehu + Drowningman + in need of a name change

If I was supreme dictator of the world (hey, it could happen!), I would make it so that a band would have to get my approval before they could use a name for their musical unit. This group is a prime example of why this musical position would be set up. Such a cool name that could have been used by a rockabilly band (or a rock n'roll band) instead was put to waste by a bunch of speed freaks who write semi-interesting spazz-metal. This band is full of screaming vocals with lyrics that are dopey attempts to write long sentences that do not mean anything but really mean something and guitars that are in your face but change direction in two minutes and then quickly change again. I guess this is supposedly mentally challenging and showcases the groups' masterful instrument playing. Artsy metal ... progressive metal ... blah, blah, blah! I say bullshit to that; give me rock that makes me wanna party like a madman! This does not make me want to drink beer or rock out; it makes me want to bang my head into the wall. —Kealar7

Bullet Treatment

The Bigger, The Better EP

Basement Records

Street: 07.05

Bullet Treatment = The Unseen + The Butthawks + Straight Jacket

When this CD hits the stereo, it sounds like a Tommie gun going off inside your head. For some that is attractive; for other's it's annoying. This album is one that would make your parents come downstairs and yell, "Turn that shit off!" and you yelling back, "If it's too loud, you're too old!" Honestly, this sounds like any local band that you don't think is going to make it big time. It's fast punk. That's it—screamy vocals, fast guitar, fast drums. A local band-

type sound. I guess this just brings hope to local bands. So when given the chance to take it or leave it, I'd leave it and give it to someone else with a bottle of Advil. —Katie Maloney

The Butchies

Make Yr Life

Yep Roc Records

Street 12.14.04

The Butchies = Sleater-Kinney + The Queers + Belly

I seem to rail against bands that only sing about girls, but when the band is composed of three butch dykes (thus, the band name), I suppose I can let it slide. The music on this album is decent enough pop-punk with occasional flourishes of strong melody and rather lovely vocal/back-up vocal compositions. Some of the lyrical sentiments are unusually sincere and tingle-inducing—kind of like things that Lloyd Dobler would utter in *Say Anything* to Diane Cort. There's a bubble-gum quality to it, too, and there are even gumballs decorating the album cover. And there is a whispery-slow sublime cover of The Outfield's 1986 hit *Your Love* that is beyond good, ready to be burned onto mix CDs everywhere. —Jesus Harold

Coquettish

High Energy Politics

Asian Man

Street: 05.24

Coquettish = Chocking Victim + Brain Failure + Suicide Machines

Fast-as-hell energetic skacore from Japan that rivals any of the hardest-hitting bands of that genre is a good way to describe Coquettish. Production by Dan Lukacinky of the Suicide Machines gives *High Energy Politics* the stamp of approval any American punker should need. While still jazzy and cool, Coquettish maintain a bleakness that is rarely found on Asian Man releases. Emotional and powerful, they attack politics on songs like "Fuck War, Unity" and "Take Action," but they play songs about skateboarding and the punk lifestyle with the same type of enthusiasm. If I took away anything from this record, it's that the punk rock scene is a global one, and that kids in Japan feel the same way we do. —James Orme

Billy Corgan

TheFutureEmbrace

Warner Bros.

Street: 06.21

Billy Corgan = The Cure + Depeche Mode + Smashing Pumpkins (Adore era)

It's true, pop culture is indeed on a 20-year cycle—welcome (back) to 1985. Billy Corgan, a man who may have influenced "alternative rock" more than any other in the 90s, is back and weirder than ever. Curiosity killed the cat, and expectations may kill anyone listening to *TheFutureEmbrace* for the first time. This is not a rock record. Keyboards, drum machines, bass and guitars ran through so much reverb and delay effects that they sound like keyboards (think *Machina*), giving this album a retro sound with an undeniably modern approach. Smashing Pumpkins fanatics may find it more difficult to embrace *TheFutureEmbrace* than the casual or first-time fan. Highlights include "To Love Somebody," a Bee Gees cover featuring Robert Smith and "DIA," which features Pumpkins drummer Jimmy Chamberlin. Corgan does not deny the blatant 80s pop sound of his record, saying, "I know what's going on here and I'm not going to pretend that I'm not going there." Although I had to listen to *TheFutureEmbrace* a couple of times to understand its direction, it really is a great record. —Ryan Shelton



The Brunettes

Mars Loves Venus

Lil' Chief Records

Street: 04.15.05

Brunettes = Fiery Furnaces + Magnetic Fields + Lou Reed
Lovers Jonathan Bree and Heather Mansfield relate simple tales of love more eloquently and cutely over their baker's dozen entourage of quirky musicians than Jonathan Richmond, but never stray too far from that same sort of "these are the things in life worth singing about" feel. Their lyrics are always unique and thoughtful, and the way they croon/babytalk back and forth about the romantic implications of clarinet lessons, lovers' heights (physical stature) and working at a record store makes them one of the hippest bands that a grandmother would want to pinch on the cheek. Formed in Auckland, New Zealand, in 2002, they've put out a record every year since. Keep an eye out for this one and the upcoming EP, *When Ice Met Cream*.

—Nate Martin

CD Reviews



Climax Golden Twins Highly Bred and Sweetly Tempered North East Indie Records Street: 08.17.04

Climax Golden Twins:
five-year-old piano recitals
+ secret potluck dinners +
Cerberus Shoal + identity?
— identity!

Babies litter the artistic packaging of this CD case. The cover pictures a baby in cranky repose while the inside shows a typical happy baby crawling along a rug. The back cover is not spared more baby coverage; it shows a laughing baby in its mother's lap. While all this rings a faint bell towards an Anne Geddes aesthetic vagrancy, the music inside intimates a collective or hodgepodge history of the group. Inside its acoustical encoding lies 10 years' worth of Climax Golden Twins: field recordings culled from 78s, pleasant piano music, ambient and atmospheric sparse guitar and bass work, electronic experimentation, etc. You could say, just by even looking at the title, that this CD is, in fact, *Highly Bred and Sweetly Tempered*. Highly bred in the fact that it is using past musical musings and maturing them on this album and sweetly tempered in that the CD itself is softer, sleepier, more gentle and lovely. The songs drip languidly from innocent dreamscapes and if the babies are any indication for what's in store, this comes highly recommended! —Erik Lopez

Coughs
Fright Makes Right
Load Records
Street: 04.26

Coughs = Get Hustle + Uranus + Aquí + The Maeshi
Comparisons to this album are nearly impossible—a lot of horns, noise, ecstatic, sassy vocals and no electronics? That's right. A noise band that doesn't use a ridiculous pile of keyboards and laptops—kind of reminiscent of early Black Dice in theory; in practice, it is as creepy and more reminiscent of Get Hustle or Guitar Wolf covering the Scissor Sisters. I don't know what the hell is going on here, but I know it is fucking rad, whatever it is. As sarcastic and cruel as an MC battle and inaccessible as you'd expect a noise band to be, nobody will like this record unless you are totally fucking awesome and nerd the shit out over music that is just noisy and rude. Then you will love it and probably not have any friends. —Ryan Powers

Cut City
Self-Titled
Gold Standard Laboratories
Street: 04.26

Cut City = Moving Units + Gogogo Airheart + Morrissey + Killing Joke
Despite residing in Gothenburg, Sweden, Cut City sure has tapped into the late 70s feel of the no-wave and garage rock of New York. Musically, Cut City sounds ridiculously similar to bands like Six Finger Satellite or Gogogo Airheart, while vocally and lyrically, it is more reminiscent of Television or Morrissey. Following the trend of producing 10-minute dance albums, Cut City is definitely on the bandwagon and definitely from Sweden, which I guess makes it OK to sound sort of like the hot thing in the United States right now. Seriously though, this band really does have their shit together and the vocal work takes this out of the shit-vomit pile and into heavy rotation. Funny how that works. —Ryan Powers

Deep Eynde
Shadowland
Disaster
Street: 02.21

Deep Eynde = The Damned + Groovie Ghoules + Samhain
The people that have a problem with horror punk, like Deep Eynde, forget that punk rock is still about entertainment, and that's what the horror is all about. Deep Eynde play dark and brooding punk rock that makes kids think cemeteries are cool, which they are. Lead vocalist Fatal Fate croons low and cool while the rest of the band explodes through punk songs with both intensity and darkness. Dealing with B-movie themes like the undead and space invaders, Deep Eynde is all switch blades and zombies, which will win over psychos, punks and all sorts of degenerates alike. —James Orme

Devildriver
The Fury of Our Maker's Hands
Roadrunner
Street: 06.28

Devildriver = Soilwork + Machine Head + Coal Chamber
Coal Chamber's Dez Fafarra fronts Devildriver, but thank your lucky stars, Devildriver sounds nothing like Coal Chamber. Picking up far from the dingy nü-goth coal mines of the Chamber, Devildriver play metal for kids who have never heard Slayer: evil enough for the corpse-painted crowd ("Bear Witness Unto") and At The Gates-enough for the metalcore kids ("Pale Horse Apocalypse") but still nü enough for Hot Topic's cronies ("Grinfucked"). Sadly, catering to metal's massively disjointed following leaves the Driver's debut, *The Fury of Our Maker's Hands*, strung out and searching for a common appeal—at times sparkling faux-Swedish expertise but, at others, as American as a crew of trailer-park dudes sporting tribal tattoos while ripping off Machine Head. —Dan Fletcher

Bruce Dickinson
Tyranny Of Souls
Sanctuary
Street: 05.24

Bruce Dickinson = Iron Maiden (duh) + Metallica (Ride the Lightning) + Dio + Geoff Tate

The sixth installment of Bruce Dickinson's solo career, *Tyranny of Souls*, brings a part of Dickinson that is seldom seen or heard. The songs bring out his passions—such as flying—and presents them through metaphors like the sun and souls in a way that is reminiscent of Dio. The CD itself starts out very fast and heavy with muted guitars and complicated riffs by guitarist Roy Z, who has just helped Judas Priest finish *Angel of Retribution*, but then slows down to no-less-complicated nor beautifully written songs such as "Navigate the Seas of the Sun". Rarely do you actually hear the Dickinson that you know from Maiden. Though this band is different from Iron Maiden, it does not seem to lack in any of the admirable qualities of songwriting. There is no "Number of the Beast" or "Bring Your Daughter to the Slaughter," but what has been produced on this album is no less than gold. —Katie Maloney

Duane Peters Gunfight
Self-Titled
Disaster

Street: 06.02

Duane Peters Gunfight = Sex Pistols + The Stranglers + Dead Boys

Love him or hate him, Duane Peters is a role model for the punk-rock lifestyle. He's fronted bands like the US Bombs and Die Hunns. He's a legendary skateboarder who is widely given credit for truly fusing skateboarding and punk rock. He owns his own record label, Disaster. He even created his own line of shoes, Draven Shoes. His newest band project, Gunfight, is a six-piece punk rock n' roll band that blazes through these songs as if they were running from the law, which I'm pretty sure they are. Gunfight really take the idea of the punk rock guitar-slinging outlaw to its fullest. Tracks like "Gunfighter" and "Last Cowboy" show the tattooed sneer of this band. Peters is in usual form, growling out vocals that are like a punch to the gut. While I'm still waiting for the next Bombs record, this is pretty good. —James Orme

The Escaped
Self-titled
TKO Records

Street: 05.17

The Escaped = GBH + The Exploited + Kill Your Idols + The Casualties + Madball

The Escaped obviously pull a lot of their sound from older, circa-early 80s English punk/hardcore sound as well as updating it to the street punk genre through their dress. Lead singers Zac Fishnets and Carter have a deeper, more "screamy" voice that could very easily sound like straight-up hardcore bands today like Madball. They create a less street punk but more hardcore sound—fast, heavy and pessimistic. This band has been all over the place, including, but not limited to, Charged Records' *Punk Unite*, Hell-Cat Records' *Give 'Em the Boot* and the *Portland Scene Report*, and their latest self-titled EP flows in the same wake as their previous releases, but on their newfound label, TKO. —Katie Maloney

CD Reviews

The Floating City
Entering a Contest
First Fight Records
 Street: 05.17

The Floating City = Of Montréal + The Decemberists
 The first track on *Entering a Contest* pretty much sums up the rest of the album: it is a wonderfully produced, heartfelt work from the up-and-coming band **The Floating City**. "Kansas City" introduces the disc with a beautiful, melody-driven tune that has a tasteful spattering of instrumentation throughout. The band has been described as "baroque-pop", and while it isn't correct in the truest sense of "baroque," it does give you an idea of what to expect their music to sound like: ornate with instruments and sounds. They follow the "less is more" rule by keeping the extra sounds subtle and to a minimum. My only gripe with the disc is that they seemed to run out of steam toward the end, and should have called it quits after "Awake," which is a great song. But they add the genre-changing bonus track "Oh No!" which is a cheesy, cliché-ridden alt-rock song about the corporate ladder. —*Alfred Quinn*

Richmond Fontaine
Post to Wire

Union
 Street: 04.26
Richmond Fontaine = Whiskeytown + Jay Farrar + Tennessee Williams

The sixth album, *Post to Wire*, by the most underrated indie band in the world, is beautiful. It's like the beauty of a cold, clear October day. The stark contrast of leafless trees and barren bushes against a cold, grey sky is comforting and unpretentious. These kinds of days are truthful and remind us that underneath our superficial allegiances to our superficial causes, we are just skin and bones. These days come around each year and can't be avoided, like the realism played out in the lyrics of this album. This is a re-release on the band's new label, **Union**. Originally released 01.20.04 on **El Cortez**. —*Alfred Quinn*

The Fugue
Mysterious Animals
RIYL Records
 Street: 07.12

The Fugue = Camera Obscura + Heroin + Hose.Got.Cable + Comets on Fire

Mysteriously close-sounding to all four of the aforementioned bands, **The Fugue's** fuck-off classic rock/early 90s hardcore cocktail is unprecedented. The vocal work is joyfully sloppy and awful in a genuine, honest sort of way, à la **Hose.Got.Cable**. It is a little hard to believe this album isn't from the 90s, but something about the obscure influences makes a lot of the territory seem unexplored and fresh. A lot of the guitar and basswork seem like good old classic rock on PCP, while the singer is drowning in a pool of distortion. A noisy and ugly record. **The Fugue** will prove themselves esoteric enough to disappear into obscurity forever. Awesome. —*Ryan Powers*

GOSPEL
The Moon Is A Dead World
Level-Plane Records
 Street: 05.24

Gospel = Frusus + Form Of Rocket + The Nationale Blue Kurt Ballou (Converge guitarist) has made a serious name for himself as a producer over the past few years. He's recorded, mixed and produced **Breather Resist's** *Charmer* and **Mi Amore's** *The Lamb*, as well as several others (Converge's *You Fail Me* and *Jane Doe* included). This record is a little out of the ordinary for the sound his name has become associated with, however. **Gospel** is a band where the vocals are really just there as an effect. The true shining moments are the group's building instrumental parts, weaving in and out of guitar-seale rock and washing out into long sonic tides of open chords and complex soundscapes. Reminiscent of DC-style hardcore groups and Chicago's violent rock of the early 90s (Shellac), **Gospel** manage to briefly touch on certain genres, but never wedge themselves into one. With Ballou's signature imprint of great guitar tones and abusive kick-drum dynamics, the record almost completes itself without any need for vocals or song structure. —*Chuck Berrett*

Howling Diablos
Car Wash

Alive Records
 Street: 04.25
Howling Diablos = The Dirtbombs + Muddy Waters
 I was cruising around Detroit the other day in an El Camino

wearing a fedora and mirrored sunglasses as my Schlitz spilled into my lap and mixed with cigar ash. Oh wait, that was just a fantasy built from listening to the **Howling Diablos**. Point is, *Car Wash* makes you feel like a badass no matter where you are. Yes, even at your five-year-old cousin's birthday party, you goddamn sissy. It's blues, rock, a little cocaine, a little electric chair and a smidgen of screwin' in the back of a Cadillac pressed into one soundtrack to sin. What the hell are you reading for? Go get me a Schlitz ... bitch! —*Shane Farver*

Innaway
Innaway
SOME Records
 Street: 07.05

Innaway = Radiohead + Pink Floyd + Verve
 The debut self-titled LP by **Innaway** sounds like it came out of the studio of a more veteran band. Yet this Costa Mesa band is pretty damn good, despite being relatively new to the scene. Their music is similar to the sonic textures and instrument

play of electronic rock greats **Radiohead**.

But what sets **Innaway** apart from **Radiohead** is the group's vocals, which are more melancholy and more dependant on vocal harmony than **Thom Yorke** and his super group. With today's accessibility to electronic noises and gadgets, it seems that it would be too easy to make records with too much "stuff" in it; however, the quintet shows restraint and taste by filling the album with unpredictable and contrasting songs. They also share the same record label as our local buddies **The New Transit Direction** and **Form of Rocket**. —*Alfred Quinn*



Judge
What It Meant: The Complete Discography
Revelation Records
 Street: 06.21

Judge = Minor Threat + Youth of Today = Judge = The Blueprint for Modern Hardcore

In an era where "hardcore" is quickly becoming synonymous with bad metal played by couture-clad jocks, a **Judge** discography has never been so necessary. Springing from the loins of NYC-legends **Youth of Today**, **Mike Ferrera** and **John Porcelli** set out to play hardcore built upon anger—anger at the mindless use of drugs and alcohol in the hardcore scene, anger at the struggles of everyday life, anger at the world in general. **Judge** was born. *What It Meant* captures **Judge's** birth (the band's original **Don Fury**-produced demo), life (the trend-setting **New York Crew** EP and masterpiece *Bringin' It Down*) and death (swansong EP *There Will Be Quiet*), as well as the unreleased and much-sought-after *Chun King Can Suck It* version of *Bringin' It Down*. No matter what the kid next to you in girl pants and eyeliner is saying right now: this is real hardcore.

—*Dan Fletcher*

Kabanjak meets Protassov feat. Jungle Brothers

Grow
Switchstance Records
 Street: 06.05

K meets P = Greyboy + DJ Mark Farina + Blockhead
 If someone pulled me aside and said that the hip-hop being produced/dropped out of Europe lately is somewhat more interesting and cutting edge than that of anything coming out of the States ... I don't think I would argue. **Grow** is filled with fluid jelly jazz that makes me think this album is meant to be experienced like a film. At first listen, it doesn't even sound like a hip-hop album at all; but some sort of foreign acid jazz. Because the instrumentals play a much more (Continued On Page 31)

The Esoteric
With The Sureness Of Sleepwalking
Prosthetic Records
 Street: 04.19

The Esoteric = Poison The Well + As I Lay Dying + Nodes Of Ranvier

Dear **Esoteric**, I can't help but feel like I've heard this all before. The sad guitar parts twisting young people's hearts into that little knot of teen angst while yelling in rage to disguise the tears you're holding back. Then the over processed metal guitar leads break through the chunky muted dropped guitar tones and remind us, "Hey kids, metal is cool, even if you don't have the long hair and Satan stuff!" I just wonder how many times so many bands can rock that same breakdown and the same overproduced vocals until the sincerity is finally unveiled as being false. Yes, your record is heavy enough for the 16-year-old boys to throw haymakers to and emotional enough to keep the girls with fashion hair and neon pink earrings wiping their mascara off their cheeks, but the hardcore and punk rock scene is already under enough threat by the MTV exploitation of "counterculture." Please don't feed these kids to the wolves of unoriginality. Things die if they keep repeating themselves and standing still. Yours truly, —*Chuck Berrett*

CD Reviews



Left Alone
Lonely Starts and Broken Hearts
 Hellcat Records
 Street: 06.21
Left Alone = Rancid + Snuff + Operation Ivy
 Left Alone's debut album on Hellcat brings back the feel of *And Out Come the Wolves*, which, if you have any sense rattling around in your head, is a good thing. *Lonely Starts and Broken Hearts* is tough-as-hell punk through and through. However, it's not that gawdawful street punk à la the *Casualties* that somebody allowed to pass for music. Some tracks, like the title track, keep a straight punk formula. However, "Another Feeling" throws up the horns (brass, not devil) and cranks out some raunchy ska. Just when you think these guys are likable enough as is, you learn that they're instrumental in hooking Ogden punks Skint on eleven Warped Tour dates. Well done.
 (Vans' Warped Tour '05, Fairgrounds: 07.16) —Shane Farver

of Spanish guitar and solid drum tracks—but in any of these cases, it's well worth it. —Lance Saunders

Marathon
 Self-titled
 Reignition Recordings
 Street: 5.31
Marathon = Bad Religion + Rise Against + Alkaline Trio
 Every once in a while, a band comes along and plugs in the life-support machine that is keeping honest-to-goodness punk rock alive. Marathon is one of those bands. Their self-titled debut dips into smart political commentary ("Painting by Numbers"), a fancy-for-dancin' ("I Don't Have a Dancing Problem") and graveyard prophecy (Gravity's Temptation). While the majority of punk bands nowadays work their ass off trying to play the same thing scores of bands before them already said and did, Marathon steps in and says, "No no no ... this is how it's done." —Shane Farver

Medications
Your Favorite People All in One Place
 Dischord
 Street: 06.14
Medications = At the Drive In (the Sparta side) + Gang of Four + Rush
 After reviewing these guys' extremely promising EP last fall, I was pretty stoked to see this album in my inbox at SLUG HQ. And this Brendan-Canty-of-Fugazi-produced full-length doesn't disappoint in the least as it more than aptly carries the DC torch onward to rock glory. The guitars and drums and vocals so expertly and intricately crash and emote in explosive perfection that I almost don't feel worthy enough to fully appreciate its brilliance. And there are plenty of down-tempo parts just to make sure that it rules. With that said, it simply makes me feel. So, even though this is a thinking boy's band (meant for those with thick-rimmed glasses and a working knowledge of some obscure corner of scientific study), I like to rock out to it. 'Nuff said. —Jesus Harold

Meneguar
I Was Born at Night
 Magic Bullet Records
 Street: 06.14
Meneguar = Archers of Loaf + firehose + Elvis Costello
 From the band that was once Sheryl's Magnetic Aura comes a high-energy rock n' roll album with a looseness that makes me want to take off my clothes. The guitars are jingle-jangle, weavings layered with dissonance and obscure melody, and the drums have a nice tendency to snare-snap in odd places, to tom-dance in excess. After a mere two listens, I found that my brain remembered where to hum along on a subconscious level already. After four listens, the beauty really started to bleed through the off-key wrapper. In addition, these four guys live and play together in a New York City hovel, giving them that bonded mentality and that anything-for-the-band feel that could quite possibly propel them to indie-rock domination. —Jesus Harold

(Continued From Page 30) prominent role on *Grow*, the rest of the album isn't as readily digestible as The Jungle Brothers' lyrics would suggest. *Grow* is more than just beats and rhythmic word cadences. Songs like "These Streets We Walk" requires all attentive listening, standing in a tradition

Meredith Bragg and The Terminals
 Vol. 1

The Kora Records
 Street: 07.03
Meredith Bragg = Matt Pond PA + Elliott Smith + Sebadoh
 Looking through some of the press releases and band comparisons, I have yet to read the undeniable similarity to Matt Pond PA, or a younger Lou Barlow picking away with only a piano, guitar and cello to back him. Hailing from Virginia but having a background resume with the indie band Speedwell and now venturing out on his own for Vol. 1, "Waltz No. 1" might be a salute to Elliott Smith, while "I Won't Let You Down" would fit nicely into any Death Cab For Cutie album. Meredith Bragg is very comfortable crafting nostalgic songs with a stunning, precise, minimalist approach. Although still working around in my mind and CD player, this particular release has already made my Top 10 for the year and I suggest if you like any of the bands mentioned, it will be yours soon as well. —Josh Scheuerman

The Messengers
 Self-titled
 Punk Core Records
 Street: 04.19

The Messengers = Deadline + Blitz + Civet + The Bruisers
 If Messengers lead singer Shannon were taken away from the band, you would get straight-up third wave Oil. But her presence is necessary for the makeup of The Messengers. Taking simple, upbeat riffs from bands like Cock Sparrer, but then adding the speed of more current day Oil bands like Patriot, you get The Messengers from Cincinnati. This catchy-but-not-poppo debut album is about political responsibility and "fight[ing] the rich and free[ing] the poor" in a way that's not preachy, but that gets the message across. Shannon's voice is deeper than other female singers, but has a growl that complements the rest of the band like Good Charlotte complements mall punks. Being that this is their first release, The Messengers have a lot of good music under their belts, and hopefully, they'll keep it up and follow in the footsteps of other successful punkcore bands. —Katie Maloney

Nine Inch Nails
 With Teeth
 Nothing
 Street: 05.13

With Teeth = The Downward Spiral + weird effects + experimentation + more trad songwriting + The Rapture
 Hi. This is my favorite band in the world. So if I seem a little biased, forgive me. Or don't. *With Teeth* will not surprise you; it will not offer anything remarkably insane and zany to the Nine Inch Nails catalogue, unless you count a few dance-disco-driven numbers to be zany. However, *With Teeth* is one of the most solid releases in the NIN catalogue. It's grounded in stronger songwriting, melodic hooks and pop structure than anything NIN has released previously; at the same time, there's a lot of abstraction; a certain freeform element pervades the tracks. Intact are the epic choruses Mr. Reznor is famous for. Intact is the soul-wrenching despair, even though the blackness seems tempered by a 39-year-old vantage point. This album comes from the perspective of a man who has just clawed his way out of Hades; post-alcoholism, *With Teeth*'s song concepts seem to come from a clear and focused mind. Although I'm not sure anything can compare to the most underrated masterpiece of the late 90s, *The Fragile*, "Every Day is Exactly the Same" is equal to my favorite tracks off *The Fragile*. I'm so ridiculously proud of TR for creating this album and for making a comeback in an uncertain music world. —Rebecca Vernon

OCS
 3&4
 Narnack Records
 Street: 04.05

OCS = melancholia + a four-track recorder and an acoustic guitar + weird noises & sound effects
 Influenced by lo-fi 90s indie rock (Daniel Johnston) and the psychedelic half of the 60s folk-rock movement ("Skip", Spence), ex-Coachwhip John Dwyer has once again decided to document what he does at home when he's not making an immense amount of noise in front of an audience. Here, Dwyer proves he is still America's No. 1 proponent of weird vocal effects while showing off his introspective, sensitive side. The pounding drums and loud (Continued On Page 32)

CD Reviews

(Continued From Page 31) amplifiers of previous Dwyer projects have been stripped away and replaced here by melodies and subtle electronics. While I might buy an EP's worth of this material, it is certainly nothing I would just put on and listen to straight through, as after a while, it definitely starts to wear a little thin. Dear John, "You don't need to release every song you've ever recorded!" —*Jared Soper*

Odd Nosdam

Burner

Anticon Records

Street: 06.14

Odd Nosdam = Restiform Bodies + Greenthink +

Reaching Quiet

After the unpredictable dismantling of the independently minded Berkeley-based "avant- hoppers" CLOUDDEAD, Odd Nosdam asserts himself yet again. Armed only with his unwavering G4 and cassette eight-track in hand, Odd assaults the senses with his static samples, raw street recordings and climaxing clips of consuming melodies and abstract sentimentalities. This album is a lot more singular than his last composition, which was fabricated companionless. *Burner* contains fluid development through outside collaborators such as Dax Pierson, Jel, Dosh, and Fog ... just to name a few. These tracks descend and diminish into a kaleidoscopic narcosis, enveloping caricaturist boom-bap cadences in layers of genre-defying and experimental coatings of lo-fi. However, that's exactly what you would expect from Odd Nosdam on any level. Most of the instrumentals are uncomfortably creased and from the beginning, seem erosive, but tumble into one concentrated pulp. Personally, I think that *Burner* is Odd's most odd, modernistic, deconstructive masterpiece to date. —*Lance Saunders*

Oxford Collapse

A Good Ground

Kanine Records

Street: 06.07

Oxford Collapse = The Weakerthans + Modest Mouse

If you listen to the first five seconds of this CD, your opinion of it will be wrong. As "Empty Fields" kicks off, you'll think that this is yet another three-chord bore fest. The galloping guitar conjures images of music on training wheels. Therein lays the deception. Before you can say "boring," quaking vocals wrap around tunes that are punk rock slapped into a coma by gorgeous melodies. Are the members of Oxford Collapse some group of post-punk indie Messiahs? Let's not go that far yet. Are they offering up something that can be at least admired for what it is, if not loved? Oh, yeah. —*Shane Farver*

RPG

Fulltime

Arclight Records

Street: 03.22

RPG = Fu Manchu + Speeddealer + Kyuss + Supagroup + The Last Vegas

Shooting straight from the speakers, hellbent on detonating in a volatile cloud of piss and vinegar, comes the re-release of RPG's debut disc. This blisteringly loud record is the perfect mix of stoner rock and revival rock. Right from the beginning, this disc aims right for the jaw and hits the mark with ripping guitar chords matched with propulsive drums and throttle-down bass. The singing is soulful southern 70s sleaze that works with the crunchy rock music better than one would think. The band hails from Richmond, Va., which is apparent by the frontman's lyrics, which are about the working-man's dilemmas (sex, drinking, working and raising hell). There is not one single bad or sub-par track on this disc, and to sweeten the deal, RPG has thrown in an added bonus of a DVD which is a documentary of the band's exploits. Check out www.rpgva.com for more info. —*Keular7*

Roue

Upward Heroic Motive

Exit Stencil Recordings

Street: 05.10

Roue = The Je Ne Sais Quoi + Ikara Colt + Nation Of Ulysses

There's a lot going on here. Not in a prog-rock way of "a

lot going on," but more of a "we have a big record collection" way. Everything is very minimal—songs are kept to a brief length, no more than four chords used at a time—but many a directional shift is taken. The band starts out *Upward Heroic Motive* with choppy guitars and a vocalist ranting in that Mark E. Smith sort of drawl, but soon erupts into a post-hardcore sort of blowup with spastic Ian Svenonious-like screaming, all in the fashion of the quiet-loud-quiet bands of the early 90s. And that's just the beginning. Also spread throughout are some emotive intros ("Danger! On Fire"), noisy Jesus Lizard-style fuzz-bass lines ("Rockin' This Disaster") and more. Roue have put together one nice big post-punk fruit basket here. —*Jared Soper*

Say Hi To Your Mom

Ferocious Mopes

Euphobia

Street: 06.07

Say Hi To Your Mom = Wilco + Death Cab For Cutie

At first I thought this was a band called *Ferocious Mopes* and I thought that was an awesome name. But then I realized that Say Hi To Your Mom was the artist's name! Then I thought it would probably suck a big one and be lame snuggle-pop. But no! This is some guy named Eric Elbogen who records full albums out of his Brooklyn bedroom. And *Ferocious Mopes* is an example of what full-on electronic indie-rock should be, and the similarly deadpan tunes fit together cohesively. This is how The Comas wished they sounded like—and *Say Hi To Your Mom* is a one-man project. Even the could-be-boring acoustic songs, like Elbogen's own personal "Electric Barbarella" ("Yeah, I'm In Love With An Android") mixes ridiculous lyrics with quiet piano and it works, somehow. Plus, the anti-hipster sentiments are gold ("As Smart As Geek is Chic Right Now"). —*Janila Roehrig*

Scouts Honor

Roots In Gasoline

Thinker Thought Records

Street: 03.05

Scouts Honor = Cursive + Hot Water Music + Wilco

— originality — creativity

This band pisses me off. This is the kind of shit that the dorky methheads who party each and every night till four in the morning listen to. You know the kind of shitheads I'm talking about; dye their hair black, piercing in their lips, hang out at Todd's, wear black T-shirts that are too tight for them. Why those pretentious fucks come to mind when I listen to this disc is easily explained. Basically, they want to be cool, but don't have a clue how to do it. Scouts Honor want to make a lot of noise and scream their heads off, but in the end, they don't really entertain or do anything that I have not heard done better before. This group plays a few traditional blues and honky-tonk country songs, which they do alright. However, they waste the rest of the disc playing cliché-driven indie rock with screaming vocals that seem to come right out of the musical paint-by-number book. Everything about this two-piece is so tired and played out that listening to about half of it was all I could stomach. —*Keular7*

Sick Bees

The Marina Album

Up Records

Street: 05.10

Sick Bees = Ween + Negativland + Sebadoh + Melt

Banana

This is some seriously fucked-up four-track lo-fi craziness. Dude, there are 13 songs in 17 minutes and it's all kind of a smorgasbord of samples, snippets, chaos (Continued On Page 33)



The Most Serene Republic

Underwater Cinematographer

Arts and Crafts

Street: 07.14

The Most Serene Republic =

Broken Social Scene + Postal

Service

Girls like Wes Anderson. Girls like things that resemble scenes from his films. Girls like shit like that. Girls are fickle things, sure. But when one floos to the new awesome thing, the rest are sure to follow. Dudes (and dudette) of The Most Serene Republic, I hope you like your faces with titties all up in 'em. Some little lady will see the front cover and think about the aforementioned Anderson and then she'll buy it and then she'll hear it and then she'll think about her ex-boyfriend for a while and then she'll come and find you and wave her titties in your faces. Then, one girl turns into every girl and you won't know what to do. However, I will admit that this band has incredible promise and all of this stems from the fact that Adrian Jewett (lead singer and songwriter here) sounds way too much like Ben Gibbard and that's just a shame and, yes, I hate me too. —*Mit Marcenas, Esp.*

CD Reviews

(Continued From Page 32) and sing-alongs. The mood can shift pretty quickly from playfulness to rage to darkness to fluff. It can sound like hell one minute and then church the next. I would probably be more impressed if it went on longer in the vein of Sebadoh's *The Freed Weed* or Ween's *GodWeenSatan*, but it's only an EP. I don't know—it's cool, but there's an overall feeling of unfinished business with this type of noise only clocking in at 17 minutes. Maybe that's the point. But somehow I feel that I can confidently call it half-actualized and well, half-assed.

—Jesus Harold

Skeletons and the Girl-Faced Boy
Gil

Shinkoyo Records

Street: 06.28

Skeletons and the Girl-Faced Boy = Mars Volta + Antarctica + Jamiroquai + I am the World Trade Center

Dominated by reverb and heavy falsetto vocals over a carefully calculated cacophony of bleeps, sweeps, and beats, most of this album has an unfortunate emo world-music feel à la Mars Volta. At its best, there are moments when it almost resembles an R&B or soul album, but even then, the butt-nougat bass lines remind me of *Boys II Men* in a bad way. Having to listen to this album really sucked some valuable time out of my life, and having to review

it is sucking the rest of the precious time I have until I die. Thanks a lot, titbutter-toast-eating jerks. Get bent.

—Ryan Powers

Sons Of Otis

X

Small Stone Records

Street: 02.15

Sons of Otis = Melvins + Monster Magnet + Jesu + Electric Wizard

Formed in 1992 and originally going by the name Otis, Toronto's Sons of Otis incorporate all the best aspects of their genre with just a hint of "prog" rock, only much, much heavier. And once again, Sons of Otis is a Man's Ruin alumnus that Small Stone Records picked up. Imagine if Monster Magnet continued in the vein of 25... *Tab or Spine of God*, brought Justin K. Broadrick along for the ride and had Buzz Osbourne tune Ken Baluke's guitar. Despite how weighty X is, at times it is extraordinarily melodic, as demonstrated in "The Pusher." Which is very contrary to "Eclipse," a sluggish and noisy 10-minute space jam so akin to the Melvins that it frightens me. And on the bass-heavy "Relapse," it almost seems as if Dave Wyndorf is singing with Godflesh. Even "Help Me" sounds eerily like early Monster Magnet. Wrapping up this opus is "Liquid Jam," a 15-minute, dense, psychedelic epic that moves along as if it is a life of its own. X, thankfully, is almost a full hour of sonic brutality. If you are into doom, stoner rock or metal of any kind, this will blow your mind. Once it does, track down the old shit, too.

—Nick Salimeno

The Spinto Band

nice and nicely done

Bar None Records

Street: 06.07

The Spinto Band = The Strokes + The Shins + The Format

There is pop and then pop rock and even Pop Rocks. This falls into the pop-rock category with a lively pogo in their steps. The youth in this band is what really makes them work so well. Their ages vary between the six members and two sets of

brothers from 19 to 22. Singing about girlfriends, Atari video games and well, girlfriends. The beat is infectious with each song building, almost making me want to put on a Hollister shirt and go to the mall. Recorded in Nashville and finally making it through high school, these boys sound like The Strokes with a lot less alcohol and drug abuse. This is a very fun album with tracks "Oh, Mandy" and "Crack The Whip" and "Spy vs. Spy" sticking out from some of the others. The Spinto Band have moved quickly as a band, what with releasing their first full-length and touring, and with this experience, they will be quickly growing up and releasing more pop favorites.

—Josh Scheuerman

Straight Jacket

Modern Thieves

TKO Records

Street: 06.11

Straight Jacket = Ozymoron + Operation Ivy + The Queers + Screeching Weasel

Straight Jacket sounds like Ben Weasel's voice plus power chord-pumping riffs and bouncy drums. Along with the sound that would seemingly be coming out of Gilman St. in the early 90s, this new release is quite catchy. The tough-looking guys on the back cover seem like they should be jumping in a bowling alley naked, by the sound of their music. The lyrics just back up my viewpoint, with their content of teenage anger and wondering what's going on/what's wrong with the world. Overall, *Modern Thieves* is not something that hasn't already been done, but it is a release that brings new life to the table with new energy and new shit to get stuck in your head.

—Katie Maloney

Supagroup

Rules

Foodchain Records

Street: 05.31

Supagroup = AC/DC + Kiss + Danger Kitty (...I mean Metal Gods)

Once upon a time, back in '87, a British music magazine titled *Melody Maker*, upon hearing *Appetite For Destruction*, called Guns N' Roses "weak AC/DC." I couldn't help but think about that while listening to Supagroup's *Rules*. It does sound like they would be really fun to see live, especially if they were playing AC/DC covers. They would be really good at that. It makes me wonder if they were an AC/DC cover band at one time before writing their own music. Don't get me wrong; I don't think they're bad at what they do, it actually kind of rocks at times, it's just that listening to this reminded me of ... well ... AC/DC playing *Dangerous Toys* covers, and there is nothing wrong with that, is there? Maybe the name of the band just puts me off ... —Nick Salimeno

Ulver

Blood Inside

Jester Records

Street: 02.14

Ulver = Kaada/Patton + Doves + Kronos Quartet

It's still hard for me to believe these guys used to be Norwegian black metal dorks in a forest with corpse paint at one time. I say that because Ulver has been establishing themselves as one of the most overlooked talents in eclectic and orchestrated electronic rock music over the past several years worldwide. This record is no exception. This time around they dive into some theatrics that could almost sound perfect in a Tim Burton film. That should be of no surprise, since Ulver has performed critically adored film scores in Europe much like their fellow countryman John Kaada. Being lumped into the metal underground is something I fear these guys will never escape, but believe me when I tell you that there is nothing less than brilliant symphonics and layered vocal melodies that take you far from the abrasive and deep into the chasms of music's most gorgeous atmospheres. —Chuck Berrett

The Vacation

Band From World War Zero

Echo / World's Fair Records

Street: 04.26

The Vacation = T-Rex + Iggy Pop + David Bowie + The Damned

Chock this one up as a damn fine record to take its place among the ranks of the revival rock n' roll scene. However, this band has quite a lot of originality when it comes to carving its niche in that genre. The Vacation (Continued On Page 34) (Continued



The Pages

Creatures of the Earth EP
Unsound Records

Street: 07.26

The Pages = Incredible String Band + The Kinks + Neutral Milk Hotel

What would happen if Ray Davies got together with Phil Lesh in Phil Spector's grandma's basement, with no money, and decided to record an album right next to a shelf of granny's homemade peach spread? Well, you'd have an album called *Creatures of the Earth*, and that band might call themselves The Pages. Man, this album is great! It's the kind of album that will impress ironic hipsters and stodgy traditionalists alike. You know who you are! This is like a smoky 60s dance-club band with a slight weirdo bent. With shades of country, folk, psychedelia, funk and quick random solos that space out just enough before returning to the task at hand, The Pages are definitely on my list of bands that I will be recommending and raving about to my friends. Will you be one of the lucky winners? —Jamilia Roehrig

CD Reviews

On Page 34) sound altogether familiar, with their sleazy guitar chords that hit heavy but have a boogie-down quality to it. Their bass and drums are fierce but keep an ass-shaking bridge to it. They have soulful and snotty vocal chords that whip out the anti-social bad boy topics on each of the songs. All of this is evidenced by *The Vacation*, whether it's with their more pop-filled tunes or their harder-driven punch rockers. Some of the rock revolutionaries' purists are not going to be able to get into this as easily as other balls-out records. However, for the rockers who like something familiarly catchy and full of high energy, then take this vacation for a spin. This disc is getting wide distribution, so one should be able to pick it up just about anywhere that is cool. —Kevlar7

Zom Zoms

One Brain

Omega Point Records

Street: 05.15

Zom Zoms = Denim and Diamonds + The Residents + The Aquabats — Reel Big Fish

This band is utterly and completely ridiculous. The vocals are somewhere in between Jello Biafra and a cartoon character; the songs are about cockatoos and Steve Martin. There are polka dots everywhere and bleeps and silly synth leads with no sign of an acoustic instrument anywhere. Beyond the realm of cutesy electro-pop like *Freczepop*, Zom Zoms bring back images of DEVO or, more recently, Polysics. In the end, albeit a little bit embarrassing to listen to, *One Brain* is an enjoyable adventure into the world of the absolutely absurd, unrestrained electro-ridiculous-city. And they make fun of Steve Martin a lot. Bizarre.

—Ryan Powers

DVD REVIEWS

Government Issue

Live 1985

Flipside

Street: 05.10

G.I. = Adolescents + Minor Threat

Mystic Records flew their anarcho darlings Government Issue from DC to the West Coast in 1985 and this DVD proves it. It shows GI first rocking at *Fender's Ballroom* and then, frustrated, at the 10,000-seat *Olympic Auditorium*, both in Los Angeles. Although the songs on *Live 1985* are great (most from either *Joy Ride* or *The Fun Never Ends*), the despicable A/V quality and virtually nonexistent camerawork makes this more a reflection upon the lack of skills and funding that punk-rock bands had in the mid-80s than an entertaining piece of cinema. No between-concert, tour-in-progress footage appears here, which is disappointing when one reads the liner notes that mention that while in California, GI attended a Price is Right screening, hung out with Guns N' Roses and convinced one of the Bangles to roadie for them. —Nate Martin

Joe Escalante

Cake Boy

Kung Fu Films

Street: 05.17

Joe Escalante =

This movie has enough bad jokes, bad acting and bad camerawork to make any "serious" film critic cringe. That's what so great about it. *Cake Boy* is the touching story of a baker of erotic cakes played by Warren Fitzgerald (Vandals) who escapes his Manson-family girlfriend only to become the touring bitch of *No Use for a Name*. Once *Cake Boy* gets his bundt (ha!) kicked by the band enough, he falls in love with a wheelchair-bound vixen, competes in an *Iron Chef*-style tournament, and turns into a stand-up guy (I won't ruin the ending, so secret ha!) in the end. This is a fantastic example of Joe Escalante's (Vandals) gift of making a crappy movie that doesn't suck. Less-than-PC moments and cameos abound. The movie is all pretty tolerable and mostly enjoyable. However, the bathroom stall scene made even me retch. C'mon guys, that's just gross.

There's also a soundtrack with this movie consisting of mainly, you guessed it, *No Use for a Name*. —Shane Farver

The Flaming Lips

Fearless Freaks DVD

Shout Factory

Street: 05.17

Named after the violent

cult/sandlot

football league

that Flaming

Lips frontman

Wayne Coyne

began with

brothers and

friends in the

hot Oklahoma

City sum-

mer of 1972.

Fearless Freaks is

a simultaneous

explanation

of the whys,

whats, hows

and whos sur-

rounding the

band's 20-plus

year rise to alternative rock super(natural) stardom. It's a film by documentarian extraordinaire and collaborator on every Lips video since *Hit to Death in the Future Head* Bradley Beesley, who has followed the band for the past 12 years gathering footage of everything from Wayne walking around his OKC neighborhood giving laurels to children to a candid interview with guitarist/everythingist Steven Drozd while he's shooting heroin to a live performance with the *White Stripes*. The Flaming Lips are different animals and so is *Fearless Freaks*. Have fun trying to follow the nearly indecipherable band-member switching chronology and spotting Christina Ricci. —Nate Martin

Low in Europe

Sebastian Schrade

Plexifilm

Street: 06.25

Low =

Filmed in Germany and the UK during Low's *Trust* tour (2003), *Low in Europe* is an insightful yet frustrating rockumentary. The film is spliced with live performances, interviews and random anecdotal footage of the band sitting around on their tour bus and in hotel rooms. The series of individual interviews that appear throughout the film are actually more entertaining than the live footage. Alan Sparhawk, Mimi Parker and Zak Sally discuss what success, happiness, music, family, spirituality and even punk music means to them individually and as a group. Although the live footage is shot very well and the sound is near-perfect quality, lead singer Alan's voice is shot. His voice sounds more like that of an emphysematic Vietnam veteran than his normal smooth, calming one. Like Low's music, the film is slow. There is a noticeable absence of the interpersonal conflicts that usually plague music documentaries, which adds humor and excitement—two things missing from this film. If you're a Low fan, you'll be quite pleased with the film and how it allows you a more intimate experience with one of your favorite bands. If you're not a Low fan, go rent *Some Kind Of Monster*. —Ryan Shelton



Tarantula A.D.

Atlantic

Kemado Records

Street: 06.07

Tarantula = Rachels + G.Y.B.E

+ Black Heart Procession

Perfect for a sunny afternoon at a French café or an overcast evening locked up in a mid-evil tower, *Tarantula A.D.* produce some remarkably haunting music. Don't let the album cover (man running down the street with katana) fool you, because there is nothing violent about this record. Although *Atlantic* is being called an LP by Kemado, it feels more like an EP at 23 minutes in length (five songs). If you like Canadian avant-gardists *Godspeed You Black Emperor*, you will, without a doubt, love *Tarantula A.D.* Although these musicians hale from New York, the piano/accordion/harmonies mixture gives them an unmistakable European sound. This whole orchestral music thing is starting to catch on in the music world, but don't let that discourage you from checking *Tarantula A.D.*; you'd better have a turntable though, because this LP is a vinyl-only release.

—Ryan Shelton

FULL SUSPENSION

A DAMN FINE BEER



Two-time Gold Medal Winner - Great American Beer Festival



Good For What Ales You.®



Sam Plumb Nollie BS Flip Photo: Bob Plumb



Bronson Zurn BS 50-50 Photo: Bob Plumb

SOD Results: Contest One
6/11/05 @ Binary

WL Buds

1. Will Collier
2. Camden Chase
3. Ethan Nortensen


Middemen

1. Nash Saxton
2. Zach Silver
3. Morgan Cope

Big Dogs

1. Bronson Zurn
2. Holland Reed
3. Levi Faust

Best Trick

1. Jason Gainchetta
Nollie Salad 



The Zack Hammers interview: The Most Underground Skater Ever!

By Mike Brown
mikebrown048@hotmail.com

Some local publications have been popping up as of late documenting the antics of Utah's finest local extreme athleticism. I have no qualms with such publications and quite frankly, it's nice to see people I know getting mad props for their personal achievements in their sacred mediums. Even if it's packaged together in a somewhat ESPN-friendly, snow/skate/wake/kite board sort of way. Because we all know there's nothing more core than getting dragged behind a \$60,000 boat.

But this is SLUG. And I'm desperately trying to stay true to this rag's underground roots. Thus began my quest to find the ultimate underground athlete. I got a hold of Broadie Hammers, who is responsible for keeping SLUG readers updated on what's happenin' in the local skate bubble. Broadie helped me get a hold of his cousin, Zack Hammers. Who, as I have discovered, is without question the most extreme underground ripper of our time. Don't believe me? Fuck you. Check the photo, bitches. This kid is more exciting than a Red Bull enema and has more snap than a coke-laced Slim Jim. Getting a hold of Zack was not easy, because of his insistence that he stay off the mainstream radar. He

would only shoot photos with his face covered. GNAR! I just had to interview him. So here it goes.

SLUG: So Zack, why all the mystery? Like, I never see you at contests or in local mags and shit like that.
Zack Hammers: Cuz son, gone are the days of pressure flip blunt stalls on six-inch curbs. This is the age of Hammers ... **ZACK HAMMERS!**

SLUG: Dude, you don't have to yell. And you totally didn't answer my fucking question. What the fuck do you mean by "the age of Hammers?"
ZH: Yo, son, you need a check up from the neck up! This shit is real and raw like sushi! Simply put, I drop more hammers than John Henry—even more than those Chinese dudes who hammered our country's railroads together. No one's

touchin' my shit, son. But I ain't doin' this shit for no camera, I drop my sledge for Zack Hammers and Zack Hammers only, bitches!

SLUG: What?
ZH: I'm the golden spike of skateboarding!

SLUG: Humble, too.
ZH: Fuck you, Captain Sarcasm!
SLUG: OK, OK, sorry. Let's just move on. So you say that you "ain't doin' this shit for no camera"—who are you skating for and why?
ZH: You mean like my sponsors and shit like that? People try to sponsor my shit all the time, but I won't let them. I tell people on the overground that I'm underground and that their shit will just get in the way of my game, son. I ain't lettin' no motherfucker use my likelihood in some wack-ass photo so they can perpetuate the corporate cog. Zack Hammers ain't about that shit, not for one cent!

SLUG: Then what are you about?
ZH: Bitches and Hammers, son. Bitches and Hammers.
SLUG: Well put.
ZH: Hey, fuckface, you're lucky this interview's over

the phone or I'd drop a hammer on your ass!

SLUG: Sorry, dude.
ZH: I'm just sayin', watch your step when you're in my sector, aaight?

SLUG: OK, so what's the biggest hammer you've dropped on your skateboard this summer?
ZH: My switch 50-50 down the Delta Center triple kink was pretty off the hook—first try, muthafuckaz! I also hammered the perfect eight with a nollie 540 cab 360 flip with no mutiny touches and all bolts. And don't get me started on the four-four on South Temple. I can do anything I want on that puny piece-of-shit gap with an Einstein's bagel in both hands, sucka!

SLUG: What else you got?
ZH: I bombed 3rd South this morning on two skateboards at the same time, motha fucka! One on each foot! Like, I was waterskiing and shit. But it wasn't enough, so I did it backwards too, just to feed the Hammers demon inside my gut, yo!

SLUG: So who do you skate with?
ZH: Just my cousin Broadie, kid.

SLUG: And just where are you from?
ZH: I ain't about to divulge that information. But I did done spent a big chunk of my childhood on the Neverland Ranch.

SLUG: Like with Michael Jackson and shit? What time would you go to bed down there? When the big hand touched the little hand?
ZH: Fuck you, cock rider! This interview's over! [CLICK]

This concludes the interview. Hopefully, Zack will make himself less scarce in the future. Skateboarding needs people like him to progress the sport into the next century. 🐸

SKATE UPDATE

By Broadie Hammers broadiehammers@slugmag.com

1. Greg Wrotniak moved to Portland and he took his nose manuals with him. His hair, however, shall forever remain here and not on his head.
2. The SLUG summer of death will continue July 9th at the Ogden skate park. But since This one's in Ogden, Is should be called the SLUG Summer of Meth.
3. There have been concrete rodeos going on with bowls instead of Bulls. Broadie thinks Bulls are much much cooler.
4. There is a new privately funded urban renewal program going on around town provided by the 48 crew...and not Shawn MacCucumber.
5. There will be skateboarding in the Vortex sometime this month. Sounds Gay.
6. The Brian video is out and is probably pretty good even though I heard half the skaters hate thier parts.
7. The Bronson kid who won the last SLUG contest could get some free shit if only he would make a video.
8. No one has e-mailed Broadie Hammers yet, which makes me think you're all a bunch of pussies.
9. Zack Hammers. Switch 50-50 Delta Center tripple Kink? Step up your games kids. 🐸

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EVENTS:

You might think that a broke
48 year old singer/songwriter
ought to put down his thrift
store guitar, get a regular job
and move out of that damn
storage garage/office. But then
you've probably never met Bob
Moss, heard one of his obscure
recordings or seen any of his
unique visual art.

Bob Moss with Causeway
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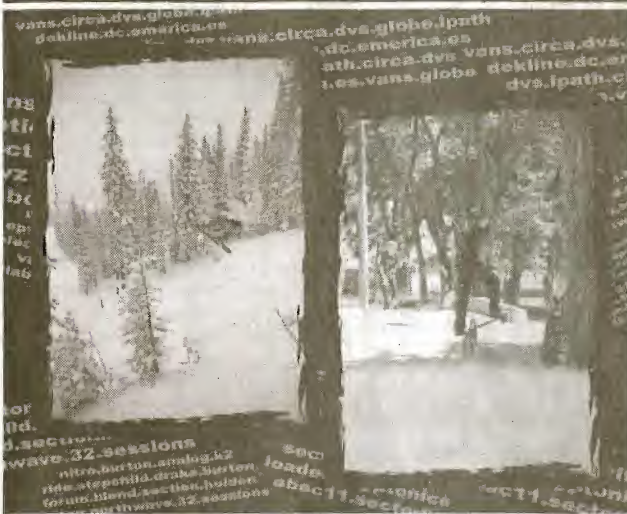
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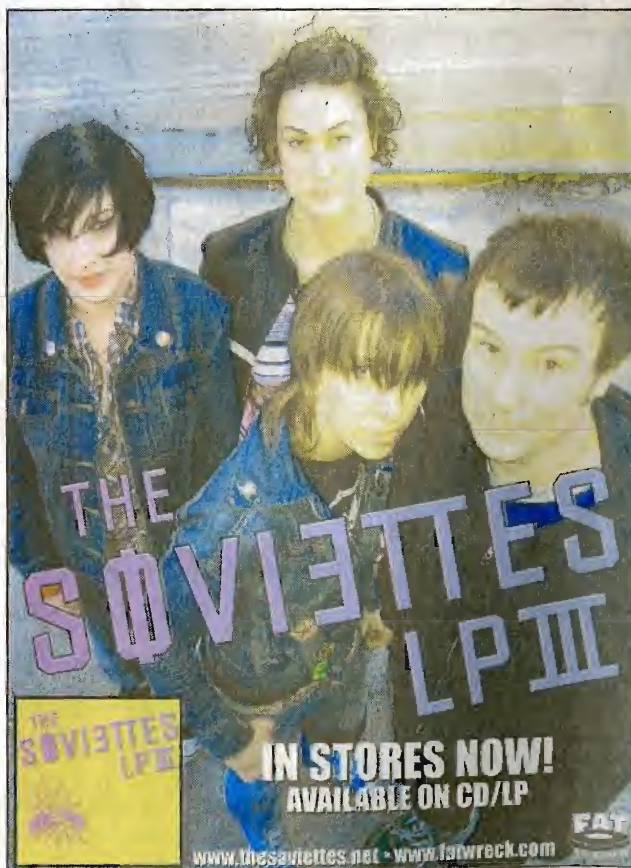
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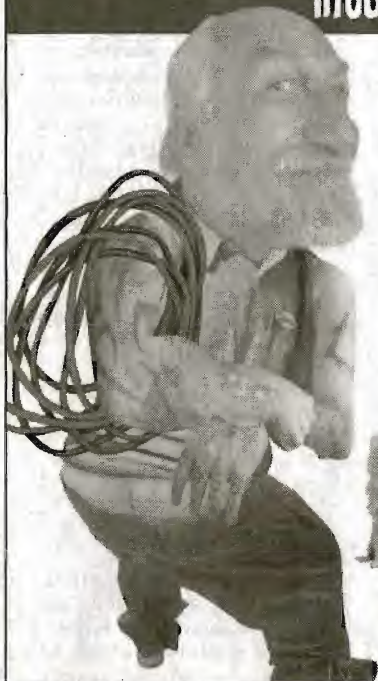
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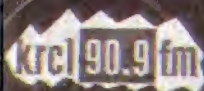
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A Column Dedicated to House Music
nickjames@slugmag.com

Scott K. vs. O'Jays
"I Love Music"

Boxmusic

Considered a true classic by the biggest house pioneers, "I Love Music" is remixed and redone in the most fantastic of ways. In fact, I would have to say that this is my favorite track of the year! Right up there with Malinga 5's "Kalimbo" and the nostalgic K-Klass' "Footsteps," this little number is defining my summer in the meanest way. Chicago native Scott K. takes the raw, old-school flavor and makes it extremely smile- and DJ-friendly. It features an extra-long, conga-only intro and outro with overdubbed vocals by E-man (wow!) and builds the track for the O'Jays vocals. In heavy rotation with Julius Papp, Miguel Migs, Louie Vega, Stacy Kidd and Marques Wyatt, only true househeads will be seeking this one. Look for the new release coming out this summer!

Louie Vega pres. Dance Ritual

Masters at Work + Wednesday night @ Cielo (New York)

R2 Records

What began in 1998 by Louie Vega and Joe Claussell is available for the first time on CD format. Starting out as a party without musical boundaries where African, jazz, Latin, soul, gospel and R&B styles could blend through house form, the warm, soulful atmosphere created on a club night is readily handy and emotionally addictive. First pressings included with this compilation is a limited edition bonus CD featuring unmixed tracks featured on the full-length. Keep a lookout for Part 2, presented by Joe Claussell.

www.r2records.co.uk

Jamie Lewis

My Girlfriend is Out of Town

Purple Music

Praise him! The first ever completely self-produced and manufactured Jamie Lewis and Purple Music release is available. Including the most successful house hits of the summer, this release provides exquisite quality house music with the delicious contrast of Jamie Lewis and his couture expression of style. It features tracks by Armand van Helden, Sandy Rivera, Shawn Christopher, Grant Nelson, Ron Carrol and Jamie himself. Also, this CD includes an order catalogue of the new trendy merchandise collection called "My Girlfriend is Out of Town," registered by Purple Music. Lust and music just met! www.purplemusic.ch

Raw Artistic Soul

What About Love

Gogo Music

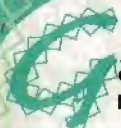
This 14-piece collective of singers and quality musicians performing under a variety of different cultures (Cuba, Ethiopia, Zimbabwe and various Latin and jazz backgrounds) are brought together by percussionist, producer and remixer Phil Kullmann. Embodying cotemporary worldly grooves and textures from Spanish to African, this magical debut masterpiece is guaranteed to complete your summer. Being the second release from Ralf Gum's *GoGo Music*, this full-length maintains house flavors, yet overcomes tradition with a fresh perspective in afro-beats and Cuban flair. www.gogo-music.net

Deepswing/Redsoul

"Celebrate"

Generate Music

What a delicious house party track for summer! Chanting and full-energy vocals performance by Donna Washington (remember "Take Me to the Disco" and "I'm a Believer") intertwined with the classic funky-disco-filter beats of Generate Music, we have a wild ride of emotion and release in a three-track EP. Written by Eric Wikman (Sunkids/Deepswing) and David Wareing (Redsoul), this testifying number is an array of UK styling and US jazz sessions. Horns, chord stabs and timeless bass lines includes classic piano mix, original, Redsoul dub and DJ tool. www.generate-music.com



Gallery stroll

by Mariah Mann-Mellus Mariah@slugmag.com

This month, Gallery Stroll will take place on July 15 from 6-9p.m. In our eternal quest to offer something truly local and underground, SLUG sat down with our own Camilla Taylor, curator of the upcoming print exchange show titled *Inadvertently*.

SLUG: You have spearheaded several print exchanges in the past; how will this one differ and what have you refined?

Camilla Taylor: Just getting a gallery to show the exchange is much easier now. Since I've done a few in the past and people are accustomed to them now it's much easier to explain what it is, although I still get people who want to be involved but not exchange work with the other artists, so they want to be shown but not participate in the event."

SLUG: So the title—why "Inadvertently?"

CT: I try to keep the themes open-ended so that people can interpret them without it being very restrictive. I don't want it to be like fulfilling an assignment, but rather, responding to a suggestion.

SLUG: What is your opinion of the current printers in Utah versus more metropolitan cities?

CT: When Salt Grass Printmakers opened in Sugarhouse, Salt Lake City caught up with many other cities suddenly in that respect. There was a place where printmakers could actually go and make prints, even though they didn't own a press themselves. I doubt that printmaking will ever become as popular commercially as painting here, but I see a lot more people willing to try the medium and work with it because of other prints they have seen. There will even be a Utah Printmakers show at the Patrick Moore Gallery in October, and hopefully, I'll be involved in that.

SLUG: Thinking back to all the shows, was there ever one piece or

one artist whose work you have just fallen for? Any stars of the print exchanges?

CT: Xkot Toxsik's piece in the first exchange, "Citizen," was incredible, I thought. I was a one-eyed bunny rabbit whose eye shot out from the page with some sort of pop-up book technology. Big Al Ferguson's piece in the *Misplaced* exchange was really wonderful, too; it was a still from a movie screenprinted onto wood.

SLUG: I know you are a very creative and driven woman, so what else can we expect from Camilla Taylor in the future—possibly fashion design?

CT: Funny you should mention that, as I've been working on a series of corsets with small paintings on them. I'm also working on a series of kites that tie into the printed doll series, of which the doll in *Misplaced* was the first. I'm also trying to finish some small picture books, but for my day job, I make bondage gear. Also this will be the last exchange that I will be organizing in Salt Lake, as I'm moving at the end of the summer to Phoenix, Az. Hopefully other people will continue to organize events like this, but in the meantime, I hope that people come out to at least say bye to me and see all the beautiful work.

Always bold, never boring. Thanks, Camilla, for all you have done for local art. Inadvertently or purposely, see this show at KAYO Gallery, located at 315 E. 300 South.

For a detailed list of SLUG's Gallery Stroll selections, visit slugmag.com

Now get off the couch and support local art!!!!!! ☺☺



BOOKS ALOUD

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Written, illustrated by Zach Hill

(w/ CD, *Masculine Drugs*, performed by Zach Hill & Holy Smokes)

TNI Books

www.tnibooks.com

The impeccable drummer from Hella. Zach Hill, is out with a book and companion CD that bespeaks the post-modern condition. Like Hella, it is spastic, detached, noisy, [insert crazy adjective here], but is peppered with a bit of interesting taste that doesn't overload the senses. This book is like a natural history museum and the accompanying CD a recorded guide to this museum. Each page has a drawing to accompany a little paragraph-or-so blurb at the bottom of it. The "story" is laid out like an anthropologists' findings put on display; the picture comes first and the necessary explanation next. Each picture is given the exact same size; the proportions all around kept equal. The same can be said about the text; equal length, space and proportion. But what makes this so great is not just the "tribal" quality of the drawings, but the acutely arranged, oddly figurative and metonymically linked words that, if they don't bring the picture to life, at least keep it cautiously at bay. Words and pictures here paint the same controlled parallel universe. The CD becomes more controlled and offers the final and third dimension to the story. This museum is anything but boring and crowded; it slowly bends open in a well-composed, three-dimensional, ethnographic study of one drummer's lost culture and its accompanying beliefs. —Eric Lopez

Running on Emptiness: The Pathology of Civilization

John Zerzan

Feral House

www.feralhouse.com

The message is simple: dismantle civilization, erase community, level technology and return to a life devoid of peripheral complication. John Zerzan is an anarchist philosopher attempting to show the world that the majority (if not all) of the world's social and economic problems are a result of civilization's constant striving to advance by way of electronic upgrade and distraction. Zerzan is intelligent, entertaining and full of the sort of wit that allowed an understanding and appreciation for his point of view even though I fundamentally disagree with his assertions. His rejection of civilization for a Walt Whitman anarchy seems delightfully light when compared to the burden of modernity; but only if you define utopia as living in a self-imposed exile from connection. Zerzan would live in a world pulled close to him, friends and neighbors within hand's reach; no e-mail, no instant messaging, no phones. But ultimately, trading in technology for a more primitive life is simply swapping out one set of difficulties for another; Zerzan clearly prefers the problems of yesteryear. Still, he's not as heavy-handed as you'd expect—there is a definite charisma in his take-it-or-leave-it approach that makes the reading enjoyable and enlightening. I'm not wholeheartedly convinced of his ideology, but I am greatly entertained and educated by it.

—Ryan Michael Painter

Locas: The Maggie And Hopey Stories

Jaime Hernandez

Fantagraphics Books

www.fantagraphics.com

Combining equal parts Jack Kirby, Archie Comics, punk rock, and Mexican-American culture, Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez' *Love And Rockets* series became a milestone on the underground comics scene when the Hernandezes, with occasional help from their brother Mario, started up the book in the early 80s. Their love for comics and a heavy influence of their East L.A. surroundings shines through and has garnered the title critical acclaim from all over the board. Jaime's illustrious *Mechanics* stories happen to be just one of many facets of *Love And Rockets*. *Mechanics* tells the coming-of-age tale of Maggie and Hopey, two young punk girls from the barrio of Hoppers 13. Not only is the eye-catching artwork completely amazing, but it's immersed in some of the most warm and down-to-earth writing inside the world of comics or otherwise. Even when dinosaurs and rocketships enter the picture, it's totally believable, not only because the subject matter is written so well, but it's done in a very non-contrived manner. *Locas* is an amazing hardbound anthology of every Maggie and Hopey story ever published in the first series of *Love And Rockets*, ending in the mid-90s. If I could give this a higher recommendation, I would, but I'd be doing my damndest to not get carried away here. —Jared Soper ☺☺

LOCAL ed reviews

Cave of Roses Redemption

Cave of Roses = Opeth + Dark Tranquillity

The oddly named Cave of Roses, one of the Utah metal scene's best-kept secrets, is finally unleashed upon us with this, *Redemption*, their first demo. Only a three-piece, these guys have more technicality and aggression inside them than lots of other bands combined! There are going to be many comparisons made with the obvious: **Messhugah, Opeth, In Flames, Dark Tranquillity, Dimmu Borgir.** That's OK, because having heard those bands, I personally would take these guys any day. The boys seem to manage blending all of these styles perfectly, while keeping a raw edge, although of course, you can still hear the influence of the aforementioned bands. In time, expect these guys to do great things worldwide. —*The Butcher*

Paper Cranes

Self-Titled

PC = The Rapture + Form of Rocket + Born Against + Liars

Insanity lo-fi noise guitar/synth dancebeats are piled under paroxysmal thrashpunk powerviolence/Curtis Jensen-ish screams and yelps and indecipherable mutterings, and occasionally replaced by nearly-epic keyboard dirges that deteriorate as they form to make the five songs (all named after dinosaurs—*Allosaurus, Dimetrodon*, etc) that comprise this EP. These kids (ages 16-17) piss more awesomeness than exists in an entire ocean of **Seldom Scene** emo teardrops. Sweet panda cover art. (A personal note to the band: Confidentially, I am crazy. And I'll fucking kill you.) —*Nate Martin*

Rotten Musicians

Self-titled CD

Rotten Musicians = The Numbs + more melodicism

Here we have another sophisticated hip-hop album straight from the heart of the SLC made up of Mike Danner, Shanty, Scarecrow and Madman. "Fantasy Impromptu 89" is probably my favorite track, but the disco-ish, R&B "Rotten Musicians Go to the Movies" is also a charmer. But then again, "So What Comes After Postmodern" is really catchy and powerful too, with its strobing guitar beat and buzzy synth samples. Like most local hip-hop creations, Rotten Musicians could benefit from better production—the best hip-hop is beefy and big and full, not thin.

Production's the magic key. —*Rebecca Vernon*

Will Sartain

The Listening Booth

Ex Umbrella

Will Sartain = Redd Tape + the Partridge Family + (Sleater-Kinney – female vocals + male vocals)

Will Sartain's solo material has trappings of Redd Tape; as RT's main songwriter, that's to be expected. But Will seems to strip away some of the cutesy quirkiness that Redd Tape possesses in this album and his previous one and replaces it with about the same amount of pain and offbeat discordance, but painted with much more seriousness. The opening track, "This Winding Road," screams the kind of bittersweet angst that'll get under your skin and wriggle there until your skin bleeds raw. "Perspective" also has that same helplessly wistful feel. www.willsartain.com

—*Rebecca Vernon*

Stolen Marches

Self-Titled

SM = One Man Army + (Dropkick Murphys – Ireland) + TKO Records

Ex-**Endless Struggler** Bobby and the boys bring eight heaping plates of punk rock snot and loveliness to the table that street punks, oi boys and rockers can all feast on together. I'm torn on where I stand concerning how cool singing about your punk rock ethos is, but a safe gauge could be to what degree of sincerity they're sung with—and by that standard, *Stolen Marches* is at the top of the stack. Big Deluxe Tattoo inkmaster John Macaffee did a hell of a job on the cover art too. —*Nate Martin*

Taught Me

Ready to Go Under

Exumbrella Records

TM = Sigur Ros + Xiu Xiu

This album seems violent in the same way that a rose's edge in bloom pushing out into the world does—it's forceful to an extent, but you really have to pay attention to understand why. The printed lyrics read like postmodern poetry, using lists and whitespace successfully, and they come across audibly just as well. A lot of this album seems so peaceful and sweet it's creepy, and whether one-man-band Blake Henderson intended it like that, it works to marvelous effect. —*Nate Martin*

Twilight Transmissions

Two Faces of Zazen

Nova One Productions

TT = The unequalled Chris Alvarado + Download

I had the luck of getting to finally see a Twilight Transmissions performance and it was beyond fantastic. So when I got my hands on *Two Faces of Zazen* I couldn't wait to listen. The rawness, textures and rhythm-noise from the debut self-titled release is still evident, yet the project is transformed into a more experimental but tenacious work. Besides spending mass amounts of time with his other projects, **23 Ecstasy** and **Roses & Exile**, **Chris Alvarado** mastered 12 tracks that explore drum n' bass and experimental noise and everything in between. Because of his experiments with different instruments, beats, vocal treatments, effects, and working with a handful of other talented Salt Lake musicians, **Download** is an act that comes to mind when I think of someone to compare Twilight Transmissions to. An older EBM feeling starts with the title track and shifts into a neo-industrial drum n' bass with abrasive chanting on "Wry-Xanadu." "Head Hunter" shows the range of Twilight Transmissions with ambient noise and sinister whispers. "Moisture" and the four-minute-long hidden/bonus track take catchy beats and dust them with innovative overlaying noises, keeping them interesting. The unpredictable *Two Faces of Zazen* takes so many twists and turns you never know if the next track will be abrasive or hypnotic, making it a pleasure to listen every time. —*oneamysseven*

The Velvet Knuckles

Mix Show: Remix Chronicles Vol. 1

Direct Drive Productions

VK = DJ Z Trip + X96

DJ Velvet and DJ Knuckles mash together a myriad of source artist samples to bring you a 23-track glimpse into what these masterminds are playing at. They take any sound from anywhere from 50 Cent, Biggy and J5 to Zeppelin, CCR and Will Farrell voice clips in Old School and cram them together in any number of combinations to make fresh groove tunes, some of which appear on this record. Feel free to throw this in and leave to fuel your dance party, or check out their concerts where they remix live and probably sound just as dope but completely different than anything on this disc. —*Nate Martin*

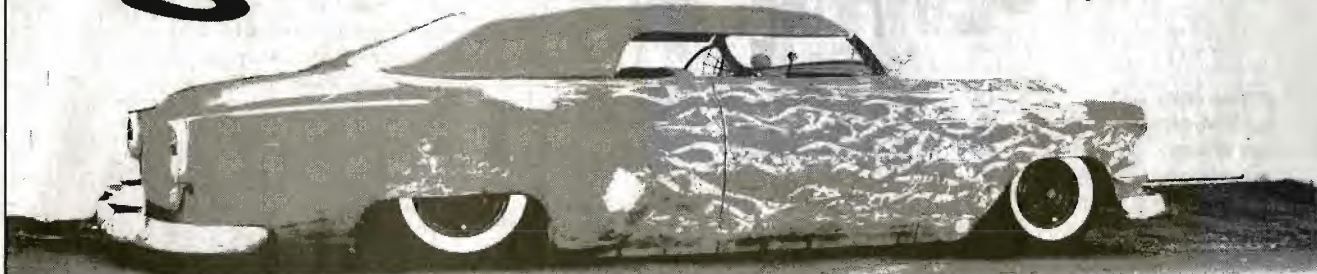
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DJ KNUCKLES
PHOTO BOB PLUMB



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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month info

Friday, July 1
Pepper, Bargain Music, 2 Cents—*In the Venue*
The Album, Vile Blue Shades, Day of Less—*Todd's*
Eliza Wren—*Sugarbeats*
The Briggs, The Dreggs, Salt City Bandits—*Burt's*
David Armstrong, O Discordia, Rattails CD release—*Kilby*
Arco & Bombs, Beating Hearts—*Boing!*
Insatiable, Afro Omega—*Velvet*
Boswick w/Limerick @ Aspect, MC Eneel, Facts, Mrs. Karter, Concise Kilgore—*Urban*
Lucid, Brick Bath—*Vegas*
Clifton, Kentucky Scandal, Lost in the Fire, Butchered—*Boom Va*
Loosefunk, The Deadbeats—*Monk's*

Saturday, July 2
Xiu Xiu, Buttery Muffins, Good For Cows—*Kilby*
Tomorrow is Forever—*Sugarbeats*
Poor Boys Rock—*Ego's*
The Apes, The Rodeo Boys, Tolchock Trio—*Burt's*
Nural, Ambry, Umbrellas—*Mo's*
Middle Distance, Callow, No Means Yes—*Todd's*
Kaskadee—*W Lounge*
Escape Velocity—*Ironie Ashes*
Da Verse—*Urban*
Wicked Diamond—*Vegas*

Sunday, July 3
No Star Jazz—*Sugarbeats*
Disco Drimmers—*Canyons*
Goodbye Blue Monday, The Art of Kanly, Ill Solus—*Burt's*
Nural, Umbrellas, Ambry—*Boom Va*

Monday, July 4
Beefcake—*Sugarhouse Arts Festival*

Tuesday, July 5
Daphne Loves Derby, Sherwood, The Providence, Fartsighted—*Boom Va*
The End, Undying, The Red Death, Since The Flood, The Midnight Sky—*The Circuit*
Trouble Hubble, Victrola, The Tremula—*Kilby*
Bear Tax, Taste of Monroe—*Steamers*
X Wing—*Ironie Ashes*
Charlie Don't Surf, The Steers—*Burt's*
Evolver, The 6s & 7s—*Todd's*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Monk's*

Wednesday, July 6
Dead Poetic, As Cities Burn, Pistolita, The Beautiful Mistake, Classic Case—*Mo's*
Slough Feg, Le Force, Category V—*Burt's*
Royal Bliss, Tolchock Trio—*Gallivan*
Green Milk From Planet Orange, The Red Bennies—*Urban*
Blues Traveler—*Suede*

Thursday, July 7
Jerry Joseph—*Ego's*
Matson Jones, No Self Image—*Mo's*
Day of Less CD release, Form of Rocket—*Kilby*
Lyle Lovett—*Red Butte Garden*
Colin Robison, Jin Shen—*Urban*
Quadrophonic—*Monk's*

Friday, July 8
SLUG Localized, The Breaks, Bronco, Horns—*Urban Lounge*
Bob Moss, Causeway—*Sugarbeats*
The Willowz, Scarling—*Mo's*
Cart, Chevron, Wet Confetti, Smashy Smashy—*Kilby*
Motion City Soundtrack, Dropping Daylight—*Sound*
DPI, Moria, Bear Tax, Carved Out—*Starry Night*
Nuendo—*Uncle Barts*
Echonet, Form of Rocket—*Burt's*
Metalhead—*Velvet*
Spit, Denots, Downfall—*Vegas*
Starry, Spork, Le Force—*Monk's*

Saturday, July 9
SLUG Summer Of Death—*Ogden Skate Park*

QstandforQ CD release—*Sugarbeats*
Kansas—*Sandy Amphitheatre*
Andrew Jackson Jihad—*Kilby*
Bombthreat, Adjacent to Nothing, Valhalla—*The Apollo*
Cart, Killing Able, Wet Confetti, Chevron—*Ironie Ashes*
Thunderfist, Los Rojos—*Burt's*
Melvin Seals, JCB—*Canyons*
The Wolfs, The Mörlocks—*Urban*
Love Hate Hero—*Boom Va*

Sunday, July 10
Luke Temple, The Service, Spanky Van Dyke—*Kilby*
M.O.D., Crisis, Jackknife, Occidis—*The Apollo*
Gigi Love, Jon-E—*Monk's*

Monday, July 11
Evan Dando—*Velvet*
Tolchock Trio, Black Angels, The Tremula—*Urban*
M.O.D., Crisis—*Country Club Theatre*

Tuesday, July 12
The Cinema Eye, The Howl, Under Radar, The Heaters—*Urban*
Lateef the Truthspeaker, DJ Realm—*Ego's*
Lucero, The Honorary Title, The Glass, The Yearbook—*Kilby*
Ray LaMontagne, Rachel Yamagata—*Sound*
Blue Monday, Allegiance, Go It Alone—*Wild Mushroom*
Dexter Danger—*Muse*
Gaelic Storm—*Velvet*
Far From Finished, Skint, Racket—*Burt's*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Monk's*

Wednesday, July 13
Devotchka—*Ego's*
Dulcie Younger and The Silencers, Small Town Greasers—*Burt's*
Young Democrats Benefit, Whiskey's Wake—*Kilby*
The Aquabats, The Epoxies, The Phenomenauts—*In The Venue*
Ryan Shupe and the Rubberband—*Gallivan*
Easton Legacy, Preston—*Muse*
Cabaret Voltage—*Urban*
National Product—*Boom Va*

Thursday, July 14
New Orleans Juice—*Ego's*
The Lethal West, The Secret Handshake, Voxtrout—*Kilby*
Drown Out the Stars, Riot-A-Go-Go, Somewhat Gone—*Muse*
Music Head—*Velvet*
Rotten Musicians, Spiral Jetty—*Urban*
Quadrophonic—*Monk's*

Friday, July 15
Patsy, OH, Jerrytown—*Sugarbeats*
Corrosion Of Conformity, Fu Manchu, Alabama Thunderpussy, Danko Jones, Weed Eater—*Vegas*
Action Action, Spitalfield, Gatsby's American Dream, Down To Earth Approach—*Kilby*
Colette—*Halo*
Young Dubliners—*Velvet*
Bear Tax, Up River, Taste of Silver, Union of the Snake—*Ironie Ashes*
Negative Charge, Monster Squad, Abuse—*Muse*
Jason Webley, JW Blackout, Jon E. Dangerously—*Burt's*
Mindstate, Adverse, Ebay, Jamil, Modern Soul collective—*Urban*
Sarcasm, Trademark, Bermuda—*Boom Va*
The Adonis, Callow—*Todd's*

Saturday, July 16
JoKyR and Jester—*Sugarbeats*
Throwrag CD release, Street Dogs, Salt City Bandits, Racket—*Lo-Fi*
Quit Colors CD Release, Passages, Motorama—*Kilby*
Vans Warped Tour—*Utah State Fairgrounds*
The Wolfs—*Burt's*
Los Mocosos—*Canyons*
Rune, Disorder, Nova—*Urban*
Hate Piece, Take—*Vegas*
My Favorite Elbow—*Todd's*

Sunday, July 17
No Star Jazz—*Sugarbeats*
Mixel Pixel, Jessica Something Jewish, The Rattails—*Urban*
The Fabulous Thunderbirds—*Red Butte Garden*
Motorama, Stiletto—*Monk's*

Monday, July 18
Hot Buttered Rum String Band—*Ego's*
Theta Naught, Solagget, Paper Airplanes—*Sugarbeats*
Life of Agony, Art of Kanly—*Lo-Fi*
Plus One, Robin Mary, Bronco—*Kilby*
Brian Jonestown Massacre, The Warlocks, The Quarter After—*Velvet*
Hooga, Scum of the Earth—*Apollo*
Rip Carson, Juke Joint 45—*Burt's*

Tuesday, July 19
Underminded, Lorene Drive, Chaldeen, Have the Girl Killed, To No Avail—*Lo-Fi*
Day of Less—*Ironie Ashes*
General Confusion, Last Response, Anesth—*Burt's*
The Burning Room, Words Fall Short, Countdown to Life—*Boom Va*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Monk's*

Wednesday, July 20
Eric Sardinas—*Ego's*
The Esoteric, Himsa, Full Blown Chaos, Butchered, His Red Letters—*Lo-Fi*
Mark Knopfler, William Topley—*Abraanel Hall*
Lauren Cook, Edgar's Mule—*Burt's*
Starry, Debi Graham—*Gallivan*
The Red Bennies, Taught Me, Vile Blue Shades—*Urban*
Before Braille, Facing New York, Novi Split, Hudson River School—*Kilby*

Thursday, July 21
SLUG Black Axe Night—*Vortex*
Blueprint and Fancie—*Sugarbeats*
The Caesars, The Sights—*Lo-Fi*
Hot Hot Heat—*Sound*
Get Him Eat Him—*Kilby*
Etta James and the Roots Band—*Capitol Theatre*
Head Automatica, The Start, I am the Avalanche, Rock Kills Kid—*In The Venue*
QstandforQ—*Urban Lounge*
Quadrophonic—*Monk's*
I Am Electric, Red Bennies, Tolchock Trio—*Todd's*

Friday, July 22
Summer of Death Skate Party w/ Le Force—*Todd's*
The Shape Shifters, 2 Mex, Passifere—*Urban*
Red Bennies, Buttery Muffins, Taught Me, Will Sartain, Tolchock Trio—*Kilby*
Team Sleep, Idiot Pilot—*Lo-Fi*
Empty Rooms, Simon Dawes, Mt Egypt, Nicky P—*Sugarbeats*
Under Radar, Feed the Monkey, Bohemia—*Burt's*
Minus One, Payface—*Vegas*
Mt. Egypt, Simon Dawes, Nicky P—*Moe's*
This Moment, Breath of Silence, FIAD, Justice Against the Adversary—*Boom Va*
The Gothic Rap Project, Misfit Toys—*Monk's*

Saturday, July 23
DJ Revolution—*Ego's*
The Horns—*Todd's*
Meredith Bragg—*Sugarbeats*
Hellogoodbye, The Rocket Summer, Jamison Parker, Houston Calls—*Lo-Fi*
Guitorchestra, The Annals, The Brobecks, The Tremula, Form of Rocket—*Kilby*
Cartl, Sleep Club—*Ironie Ashes*
Debi Graham Band, Racket—*Burt's*
Underground MC Battle Contest—*Urban*

Sunday, July 24
Haste The Day, Still Remains, Lost In The Fire, Illsolus—*Lo-Fi*
Cowboy Junkies—*Red Butte Garden*

The Yearbook, Allred, The Trademark—*Muse*

Monday, July 25
Scout Nihlett—*Kilby*

Tuesday, July 26
Dredg—*In the Venue*
ETTS—*Burt's*
Kill the Last Hour, Suffokate, Red Tear Memory, Love, Hope and Fear—*Boom Va*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Monk's*
Clarity—*Todd's*

Wednesday, July 27
Alkaline Trio, Rise Against, Death By Stereo—*In the Venue*
Blair Bitch Project, Rodeo Boys, Victor Barnes—*Burt's*
Void of Course, Way Way East Bay—*Gallivan*

Thursday, July 28
Sally Shuffield—*Sugarbeats*
Surfjan Stevens, Liz Janes—*Lo-Fi*
Big Head Todd and the Monsters—*Gallivan*
The MuseMeant—*Hog Wallow*
Global Funk—*Urban*
Quadrophonic—*Monk's*

Friday, July 29
Rope or Bullets—*Todd's*
The Yearbook, Glacial, Victrola—*Sugarbeats*
Bent Left—*Ironie Ashes*
Fourteen Days From Forever, Allison Joyride—*Muse*
Left For Dead—*Coyote*
Collective Soul, Blue Merle, Kyle Riabko, Matt Kearny—*In the Venue*
Medicine Circus, Spork—*Burt's*
Six Sided Box—*Urban*
Rapid Fire, Dark Child—*Vegas*
Salt City Bandits—*Monk's*

Saturday, July 30
Poor Boys Rock—*Ego's*
Big Sandy and His Fly-Rite Boys—*Canyons*
Die Monster Die, Left For Dead, TFMU, Sugarpuss, Abominations—*Kilby*
Lia Fail, Juliet—*Muse*
Never Never, Union of the Snake, Art of Kanly—*Burt's*
The Wolfs, The Tremula—*Urban*

Sunday, July 31
Best Kissers in the World—*Ego's*
Soilent Green, A Perfect Murder, Into the Moat, Watch Them Die—*Lo-Fi*
John Prine, Kathleen Edwards—*Abraanel Hall*
Jim Bone—*Monk's*

Monday, August 1
Strapping Young Lad, Lia-Fail, Unsound Mind, Lynch—*Lo-Fi*
The Knuckleheads—*In The Venue*

Tuesday, August 2
Union of The Snake, Municipal Waste—*Todd's*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Monk's*

Wednesday, August 3
Reel Big Fish, American Hi-Fi, El Pus, Punchline, Zolof The Rock and Roll Destroyer—*Lo-Fi*
Southerly—*Kilby*
The Fixx—*Velvet*
Ian Moore—*Urban*
Quadrophonic, Doug Wintch—*Gallivan*
Dave Mason—*Suede*

Thursday, August 4
Darol Anger's Republic of Strings—*Gallivan*
Debra Fotheringham, Logan Hefiel—*Muse*
Quadrophonic—*Monk's*

Friday, August 5
New SLUG—*Read That Shit!*
Sound of Birds—*Sugarbeats*
The Tremula—*Kilby*
The Lions, The Jackets, Flight 409—*Muse*
Books About UFOs, The Heaters, Ramchandra—*Todd's*



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01- David Armstrong (7:30)
O Discordia \$5
Rattails CD Release

02- XIUXIU (\$8)
Buttery Muffins 7pm
Good for Cows

05- Troubled Hubble (7:30)
Victrola \$6
The Tremula

07- Day of Less CD Release (7:30)
Form of Rocket

08- Chevron (\$6)
Cart 7:30
Wet Confetti
Smashy Smashy

09- Andrew Jackson Jihad (7:30)
t.b.a.

10- Luke Temple (7:30)
The Service
Spanky van Dyke

12- Lucero (7:30)
The Honorary Title
The Glass

13- Young Democrats Benefit w/
Whiskey's Wake, t.b.a. (7:30)

14- Vixtrot (7:30)
The Lethal West
The Secret Handshake

15- Gatsby's American Dream (7:30)
Action Action
Spitalfield
Down to Earth Approach

16- Motorama (7:30)
Quiet Colors CD Release
Passages

18- Plus Ones (7:30)
Robin Mary
Bronco

20- Before Braille (7:30)
Facing New York
Noyi Split
Hudson River School

21- Get Him Eat Him (7:30)

22- EXUmbrella Showcase (\$6)
Buttery Muffins, Red Bennies,
Taught Me, Tolchock Trio, W. Sertain

23- Kilby Court 6 Yr Anniversary:
The Annuals, Brobecks, Form
of Rocket & more! (\$6 7:30)

25- Scout Niblet (7:30)

30- Die (7:30)
Monster
Die

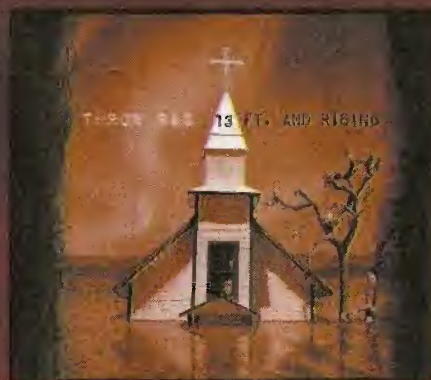
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